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1 JULY 1964 2s.6d.

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1 JULY 1964 / 2s 6d WEEKLY

# tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3279

EDITOR  
JOHN OLIVER

GOING PLACES	2 In Britain 4 To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i> 6 Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
SOCIAL	9 Royal Ascot 12 June Ball at Sandhurst 14 M. Xavier Dormeuil's party 15 The wedding of Miss Sarah Baron & Mr. Alistair McAlpine 16 Letter from Scotland
FEATURES	17 The Khaki Tatler: <i>by Ronald Bryden</i>
FASHION	26 Have luggage, will travel: <i>by Unity Barnes</i> , <i>photographs by David Montgomery</i>
COUNTERSPY	33 Ali Baba baskets: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
VERDICTS	34 On plays: <i>by Pat Wallace</i> 35 On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i> 38 On books: <i>by Oliver Warner</i> 39 On records: <i>by Spike Hughes</i> 40 On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i> 40 On opera: <i>by J. Roger Baker</i>
GOOD LOOKS	43 Pin-in hair: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
MAN'S WORLD	44 Stretch of the imagination: <i>by David Morton</i>
DINING IN	44 Hints for summer picnics: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
MOTORING	45 Those familiar beetles: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
WEDDINGS	46

IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: the Secret Garden, by Elizabeth Williamson; Portrait of a playwright, by J. Roger Baker; Second Editions, by Unity Barnes



On this day 50 years back the world—for the most part unknowing or unmindful—had only a scant five weeks of peace to go before the holocaust that would change it so irrevocably. By the late August of 1914 the Tatler's little man had abandoned his quizzing glass for a musket and appeared thenceforward in full dress as a grenadier while the World War lasted. Ronald Bryden chronicles his progress in The Khaki Tatler (see page 17) and with it the transformation of a whole society recorded in the sepia pages of the period. Henry Malby took the cover picture of the poppies, whose cousins of Flanders became the symbol of a struggle blithely undertaken, bravely endured and sadly remembered

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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**The Oxfam Summer Ball and River-boat Shuffle**, Monkey Island, Bray, Friday, 17 July. River steamer casino. Cabaret with Frankie Vaughan. Running buffet. Barbecue breakfast. (Tickets, £3 3s., from the Secretary, Oxfam Ball, Monkey Island, Bray, Berkshire.)

**Henley Royal Regatta**, to 4 July.

**Lawn Tennis Championships**, Wimbledon, to 4 July.

**Field Sports Fair**, Melchbourne Park, Beds, 4 July.

**Royal Tournament**, Earls Court, 8-25 July.

**Old Surrey & Burstow Hunt Ball**, Gatwick Manor, 10 July. (Tickets, £2 10s., from Mr. George Perring, Old Town House, Lingfield, Surrey.)

**British Jumping Derby**, Hickstead, Surrey, 11-12 July.

**Regency Rout**, Cheltenham Festival, 14 July. (Tickets, £1, inc. wine, refreshments and dancing, Cheltenham 3690.)

**M.C.C. v. Lords & Commons**, Hurlingham, 15 July.

**Officers' Mess Summer Ball**, R.A.F. Hospital, Ely, 15 July. (Details, Ely 2371.)

**Life-boat Dance**, Dodington House, Glos, 17 July. (Details, Mrs. Hastings Lucas, Nailsea, Somerset, 476.)

**Red Cross Ball**, Durham

Castle, 17 July. (Tickets, £1 17s. 6d., inc. wine with supper, Durham 2826.)

**International Horse Show Ball**, Hyde Park Hotel, 23 July. (Details, British Horse Society, LAN. 7206.)

**Scottish Game Fair**, Blair Drummond, Perthshire, 24, 25 July. (Details, REG 7412.)

**"Il Seraglio,"** by the Opera da Camera, in the garden of 52 Campden Hill Sq., W.8, 9 p.m. 28 July, in aid of the International Social Service. (Tickets, £6 6s. and £8 8s., inc. champagne buffet supper, from the Secretary, 52 Campden Hill Sq., and TAT 8737.)

**Canterbury Cricket Week Ball**, Frank Hooker School, 31 July, in aid of Oxfam. (Tickets, £2 10s., inc. champagne buffet supper, from Mrs. John Baker White: Canterbury 64767.)

## CRICKET

**Test Match:** England v. Australia, Leeds, 2-7 July.

**Eton v. Harrow**, Lord's, 3 July.

## SHOW

**Royal Agricultural Show**, Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, 7-10 July.

## MUSIC

**Country House concerts:** Claydon, Bucks. Julian Bream

Consort, 7 p.m., 5 July; **Hardwick Hall**, nr. Chesterfield, 8.30 p.m., 8 July, Julian Bream Consort; **Petworth**, Sussex, Yehudi Menuhin (violin), George Malcolm (harpsichord), 7.30 p.m., 12 July; (PRI 7142).

**Lakeside concert**, Kenwood. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, cond. Schwarz, 8 p.m., 4 July. **Kenwood Sunday concert**, Benthien String Quartet, 7.30 p.m., 5 July. (WAT 5000, Ext. 8060.)

**Odeon Theatre**, Swiss Cottage. R.P.O., cond. Groves, 7.30 p.m., 5 July. (PRI 3424.)

**Lunchtime concert**, Wigmore Hall. Mabillon Trio, 1.5 p.m., 7 July. (Adm.: 2s., students, 6d.)

**Wigmore Hall**. Ralph Kirkpatrick (harpsichord), 7.30 p.m., 2 July. (WEL 4170.)

## FESTIVALS

**International Organ Festival**, St. Albans, to 4 July.

**City of London Festival**, 6-18 July.

**English Bach Festival**, Oxford, to 5 July.

**Cheltenham Festival**, 5-17 July.

**Hallé Festival of Music**, Harrogate, 6-11 July.

## ART

**Royal Academy Summer Ex-**



*The King's Troop 1964, part of an exhibition of photographs by Peter Kinnear on display at Austin Reed in Regent Street from 5 July. The exhibition, which runs for one month, is devised to coincide with the Royal Tournament which starts at Earls Court on 8 July*

hibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

**John Baily and Ray Crooke**, Commonwealth Institute, to 12 July.

**Forain, 1852-1931**, Roland, Browse & Delbanco, Cork St., to 11 July. (See Galleries, page 40.)

**Sonya Sprinthal, John Christopherson and Gerda Rubinstein**, Holland Park Gallery, 43 Portland Rd., W.11, to 15 July.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**New Arts. Edward II**, tonight. **Chichester Festival Theatre. The Royal Hunt of the Sun**, 7 July.

**Sadler's Wells. Richard I**, 8 July.

**Aldwych. End Game**, 11 July.

## BRIGGS by Graham







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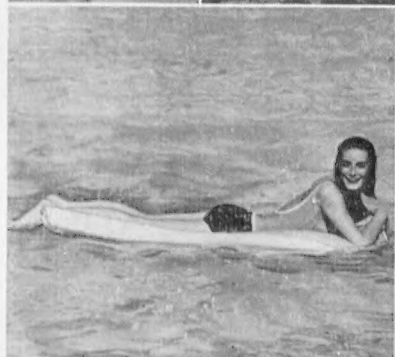




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# GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.  
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

**Jules Bar**, 85 Jermyn Street, (WHI 4700.) C.S. Talking not long ago to Charles Massey, for whose judgment on meat I have profound respect, I complained how difficult it was to get in a London restaurant really good sausages properly cooked and served with mashed potatoes as a main course. "Go to Jules Bar" was his reply: I went, and found exactly what I wanted. I sat at the small lunch-bar (I could have sat at a table if I had wished), and watched the sausages cook under the grill. I followed them with the best fruit pie I have had outside my own home for a long time. The cost? Sausages and mash 5s., pie 3s. I went on my way content, and determined to go back. The restaurant has the pleasant club-like atmosphere that red plush and subdued lighting produces. There is attentive service; first-class omelettes and a good cold table are other specialties. I do not know where they buy their sausages, which is probably a trade secret, but I do know that you can also get jolly good ones to take home a few doors down the street at Paxton & Whitfield.

Eating round the world in London:

## 4. Germany, Switzerland, Hungary and Austria

**Edelweiss**, 15 Eccleston Street, Victoria (Swiss wines. Fondue); **Montana Hotel Restaurant**, 67 Gloucester Road, S. Kensington (Swiss wines. Fondue); **The Berlin Room**, Knightsbridge; **Schmidts**, 33/43 Charlotte Street (German lager on draught); **Old Vienna Restaurant**, 94 New Bond Street (Austrian wines); **Grinzing Stuberl Restaurant**, 39 Albemarle Street; **Restaurant Mignon**, Corner of Queensway and Bayswater Road; **Hungarian Csarda**, 77 Dean Street, Soho; **The Gay Hussar**, 2 Greek Street, Soho; **La Princesse**, 240 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

## Wine notes

Let us face harsh facts. Wine prices, especially those of clarets, are rising and will con-

tinue the upward trend. The canny buyer will look for the lesser-known wines of quality, and study wine lists with care for bargains. Berry Brothers & Rudd of 3, St. James's Street, believe, rightly, that the steep rise of the famous growths has presented the lesser-known Bordeaux châteaux with a great opportunity. Among the recommended "Bourgeois" clarets they are offering, are a non-vintage Côtes de Bourg at 8s. 6d. per bottle, a 1960 Ch. Sauman Côtes de Bourg at the same price, a 1959 Ch. Respide Graves at 9s. 6d., and a 1959 Ch. Villegeorge, Avensan, *cru exceptionnel* at 14s. 6d. These and other wines on offer seem to me to be jolly good value.

I noticed in Fortnum & Mason's list what looks like a bargain in Moselles—a 1959 German-bottled Piesporter Goldtropfchen Auslese Friedrich Haart Estate at 25s. 6d. I noted also two Loire wines, a Saumur Blanc de Blancs, dry and pétillant, at 16s. and a 1959 sweet Coteaux de Layon, Quart de Chaume, at 15s. per bottle.

## Longmynd country

This part of Shropshire, the land of King Caradoc, is some of the most beautiful in all England, and still almost unspoilt. In Church Stretton we ate a memorable tea at the

small and simple **Hollybush Café**, with everything home made. I am told that they also do a first-rate luncheon for about 5s. A step away is **The Hotel**, and there, too, the fare is good, and you can find imaginative cooking in **Studio 59** (Tel. 272) just down the High Street, open for both luncheon and dinner to 8.30 p.m.—it is wise to book in the summer. Both Studio 59 and The Hotel are fully licensed.

## . . . and a reminder

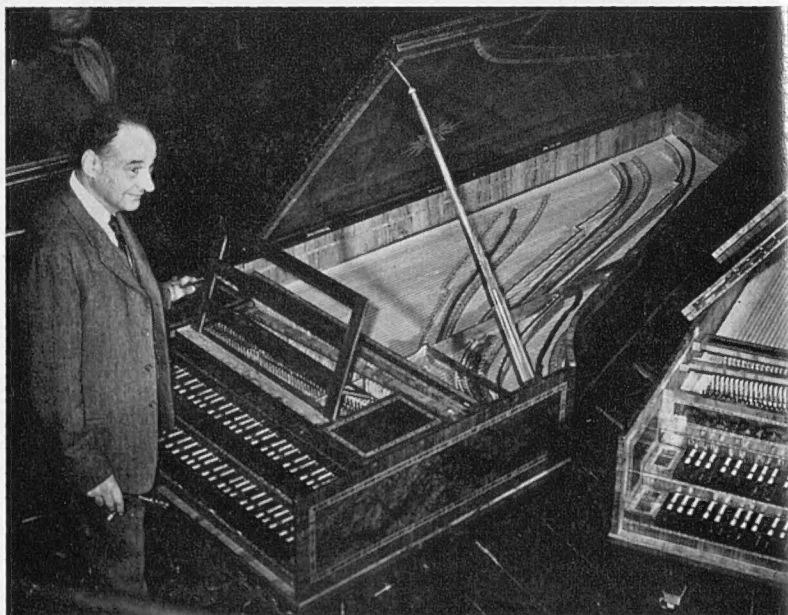
**Rigoletto**, 26, Romilly Street, Soho. (GER 5302.) *New, pleasantly got up, with good cooking and reasonable prices.*

**Vine Grill**, 3, Piccadilly Place, W.1. (REG 5879.) *Small and popular, specializing in high quality steaks and chops.*

**Whistling Oyster**, 32, Great Queen Street, W.C.2. (HOL 6383.) *Captain Cunningham serves fish and meat of high quality in one of the most elegant restaurant settings in London.*

**White Bear Inn** snack bar Piccadilly Circus. (WHI 7901.) *Worth remembering for a cold meal if you are pursued by the clock.*

**Hostaria Romana**, 70, Dean Street, Soho. (REG 2869.) *In the opinion of satisfied customers, some of the best Italian cooking in these parts.*



The Lake District festival of concerts and recitals begins at Levens Hall, near Kendal, on 8 July. The house is owned by Mr. Robin Bagot seen with the twin harpsichords he made there which will be featured in the Bach recital. The festival continues until 17 July





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# GOING PLACES

Fat, luscious meadows and little streams; pine woods; rivers and old castles; farm houses and steep-pencilled church spires; uncluttered roads and pleasant inns—all these are Luxembourg, one of the five smallest countries in the world. Within its 999 square miles are six restaurants which are starred by Michelin for their food, and many more which have earned the accolade of spoon and fork for service and comfort, or a red rocking chair for their view.

Some of the towns—Echternach, in particular—remind one far more of Austria than of Luxembourg's immediate neighbours of Belgium, Germany and France. The country has long been a pawn and prize of European strategy, and indeed it was under Austrian domination following the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

The Counts of Luxembourg produced three Holy Roman Emperors—Henry VII, Charles IV and Charles V; but of all the Counts, it is John the Blind who is most celebrated. Upon his death, on the battlefield of Crécy, the victorious Black Prince seized the three ostrich feathers from his helmet in tribute and adopted his motto: *Ich dien*. Equally heroic stories have passed into the legends of the Second World War, when the country was swallowed—somewhat indigestibly—by the Germans, and nearly torn apart by Von Runstedt's forces during the Battle of the Bulge.

The abiding impression today is one of unhurried peace, of a pastoral oasis in mid-Europe which seems to have escaped much of the 20th century's neurosis. It has no appeal for those in search of the sensational; misled by its

small size, some tourists go through it in a day, pausing only for lunch, and leave still wondering what there was to see.

Luxembourg specializes in the pleasurable and almost forgotten therapy of walking. People really do walk, on well marked tracks through the woods and over the hills, from one town or village to another. Each inn has its map of the area on which are indicated the best and prettiest ways to go—as well as how long it will take and how much of it is uphill. Take a picnic, or lunch at such an inn; sit on the terrace over a stream, and contemplate and sip the fragrant wines.

Almost all of the country is beautiful in its way; in the north, around Clervaux and its castle, is the broad, open country of the Ardennes, with vistas of heathery highlands and meadows striped bright yellow with mustard seed. To the east, near Gaichel and the Belgian border, is rolling landscape of birch trees, and valleys where the mist hangs in the evenings. Pine forests surround much of Luxembourg city, and stretch out along the road to Grundhof.

To me, the most appealing of all is the Moselle and its classic landscape of vineyards, dotted with the wine-growing villages of Schengen and Wintrange, Ehnen and Wormeldange. Ehnen is the prettiest, and its buildings—including a cylindrical 13th century church—are intact, for it was the only village on the river which was not damaged during the war. It has dreamed through indeterminate centuries, a little bit added here, a bit there, and contains two charming inns. Of these the Simmer especially



# ABROAD

is a treasure of its kind. It has a white-painted terrace over the river, pretty bedrooms and a cosy, oak-panelled dining room which supports its promise of excellent food: *caneton à l'orange* and magnificent *vol-au-vent* as well as the typical fare of the country: Ardennes ham, which is smoked over gorse twigs; suckling pig in aspic; trout, pike and *écrevisse* and, in the autumn and winter, game of all kinds; the inns of Luxembourg are as gastronomically interesting as those of provincial France and Belgium.

Sixty per cent of the wines grown are consumed within the country, and so few—if any—are exported. The Riesling, the Traminer and the Auxerrois are a pleasure in store for any visitor, as also are the local liqueurs, especially the *Mirabelle*. It is easy to visit one of the vineyards, and there are also frequent public wine-tastings during the summer. You pay 10 francs, and after that your own capacity is the limit.

I spent a bibulous morning in the Town Hall of a village near Ehnen, with a hot fresh bread roll in one hand, winelist, pencil and glass in the other, talking to the Mayor, the farmers and the other vintners. The tasting developed into straightforward drinking as one bottle after another of "special" wine was produced from under the benches; even so, there were few people present who could not have told you from exactly which village and in what year each wine came. I was thinking of bringing home a case. Still dreaming of it, I asked a Customs official at London Airport what the duty would have been; the answer: 3s. a bottle, regardless of the local price of the wine—which, by coincidence, was the same for a bottle of '63 Riesling.

Built over a steep gorge and spanned by bridges, Luxembourg city looks like no other. Dating from 963, when Count Sigefroi, a descendant of Charlemagne, built a castle on the

banks of the gorge and the first ring of the city's fortifications, it has grown in a series of small concentric circles; each of its possessors—the Burgundians and the Habsburgs, the Kings of France and the Emperors of Prussia—has added more fortifications, or torn down one lot and replaced it with another. Vauban, Louis XIV's famous military architect, built most of what we see today. It was only after the Prussians left it, by the Treaty of London in 1867, that Luxembourg, though shrunk in size, was officially de-fortified and attained the status of a neutral independent Grand Duchy.

One can still see the remaining twelve miles of tunnelling, or "casemates" which were hewn into the rock, like those of Gibraltar, as part of the preserved defences. One of the most evocative views of the city and its crumbled forts is from the villages—Grund, Pfaffenthal and Clausen—which lie along the bed of the gorge. Up above, in the city proper, wander along the zig-zag walls of the corniche, high over the slender spires and horse chestnut trees and little bridges.

The city has great charm, but no particular gaiety. It is perhaps the fault of Lehar that most people expect of Luxembourg a romantic, operetta way of life. The setting is there, but the cast lacks the necessary abandon. You might catch the pretty *Place D'Armes*, with its cafés set out under the lime trees, on a night when the military band is playing; but, unlike the Viennese in their *heurigen*, the Luxembourgers don't knock their wine back with a song.

The richest nation in Europe, *per capita*, they are kindly and discreet; entertain lavishly in their own homes, but do not patronize city restaurants much. There is, in fact, more life in the country villages fairly near the city, for example at Gaichel, where two two-Michelin-starred restaurants are *en face*, in pretty gardens by a river.

Luxembourg is easy to see; not so easy to know, and its rather whimsical appeal eludes those who try to garner it in haste.

British Eagle fly to Luxembourg every day except Saturday. £17 15s. return.



Landscape in Luxembourg



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## ASCOT—FIFTY YEARS AFTER



Ascot 1964 will be remembered for its rain—the unrelenting three-day deluge that first washed out the summer dresses and the gay hats, then washed out the racing altogether. The Queen herself arrived in a closed carriage in place of the traditional open landau. The drive down the course was abandoned and so was the Gold Cup. The Ascot of 1914 is remembered too by those who survive not only for the cataclysm so soon to follow but also for the burning days of summer, long enduring, that heralded with tragic irony the first clash of arms. The Countess of Pembroke and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett (*right*) were among those strolling in the Royal Enclosure. Meanwhile Eve, *The Tatler's* columnist, was writing: "The Ascot of 1914 is without doubt one of the most brilliant meetings ever held on the famous course . . . society has never been so strongly represented." Two months later the world—and *The Tatler*—went to war. Ronald Bryden sets the scene, page 17 onwards, with pictures from our volumes



# ASCOT—BEFORE THE RAIN

1



1 The Duke of Marlborough takes advantage of the first day's sunshine for a quiet picnic

2

2 Lady Kilmarnock on the second day



3

3 Miss Penny Ridsdale, daughter of Mr. Julian Ridsdale, M.P. for Harwich



4 Mrs. Tim Vigors, whose husband is head of the Vigors Aircraft Company



5

5 The Duchess of Rutland



6 Major the Hon. James Philipps, a Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, with his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Philipps

7 Lady Mancroft and her daughter, Miss Miranda Quarry

8 Lord Charles Spencer Churchill, son of the Duke of Marlborough, and Miss Gillian Fuller from America

6



7



8





# DAMP BUT UNDAUNTED AT ASCOT

BY BARBARA VEREKER

Royal Ascot got off to a sunny start. Green lawns, garden party clothes, the royal party arriving in carriages—a typically English scene, we assured the foreign visitors with pride. Two days later the scene was different. Sticky mud, plastic macs and the royal party arriving in closed limousines during a rainstorm—a typically English summer's day, we assured the foreign visitors gloomily. Conditions deteriorated until racing was cancelled and the Gold Cup postponed to Friday, then Saturday, and finally abandoned.

The new grandstand, a towering, airport-style building with splendid facilities and a magnificent view of the course, was enthusiastically acclaimed, but there was speculation about how the Queen liked the large expanses of glass on each side of her private box. The royal party, which this year included PRINCE PHILIP; THE QUEEN MOTHER; THE PRINCESS ROYAL; PRINCESS MARINA; PRINCESS BEATRIX OF THE NETHERLANDS; PRINCE ALBERT & PRINCESS PAOLA OF BELGIUM; and the AGA KHAN, were watching the racing in "goldfish bowl" conditions. This was very satisfactory for people like PRINCESS IRA OF FÜRSTENBERG who had flown over from Paris with Mrs. ARPAD PLESCH in the hope of getting a glimpse of the Queen, but it meant that the royal party had no privacy.

## SMARTNESS AND SIMPLICITY

As always, the smartest women were the ones who, like the BEGUM AGA KHAN, kept their outfits simple. One of the best-dressed was the DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER who disproves the widespread notion that ladies who like horses and hunting seldom take much interest in the arts. She is knowledgeable about music and painting, and says that she "got the taste" for Italian opera when she was stationed in Naples with the Red Cross during the war. Her taste for hunting developed later. When she married, in her thirties, she had never learned to ride but she taught herself by a process of trial and—no doubt painful—error. "The fact that my husband was Master helped a lot. The Master's wife can get away with practically anything." She and the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER were spending Ascot week with BRIGADIER GEOFFREY HARDY-ROBERTS.

Nobody had solved the traffic problem, but those who came by horse-drawn coach got a different, bird's eye, view of

it. One coach, driven by SIR DYMOKE WHITE, got stuck in a rut in the car park but one of the passengers, the Queen's Windsor Chaplain, the REV. EDWIN WARD, jumped down to give it a push. Another coach, belonging to Mr. SEBASTIAN GILBEY, was driven by the HON. Mrs. JOHN GILBEY. She and her husband had a party which included Mrs. WALTER GILBEY; Miss TONI MELVILLE; Mr. & Mrs. RON STEWART and their daughter, who come from Pretoria; and Mr. & Mrs. VAN DER BYL and Mrs. SMITHERS from Johannesburg.

## COACHES AND COVER

Coaching is traditional in the Gilbey family. "My wife and I are first cousins and our great-great-grandfather Henry Gilbey drove the London-Bishop's Stortford coach," said the HON. JOHN GILBEY. Steam locomotion ruined Henry Gilbey and when he died in 1842 he had nothing to leave his sons. They returned from the Crimean war, decided to go into the wine trade and thus started the famous firm of Gilbey. Mrs. Gilbey is now expert at handling the coach and on the first, sunny Ascot day she was talking light-heartedly of weather hazards, for the coach provides no cover for passengers. "If it rains you just keep a stiff upper lip and pretend that you are liking it."

A good many people were keeping stiff upper lips on Thursday. By the time the first race was due to be run the weather had broken, but hopeful racegoers remained, damp but undaunted. By the time it was announced that racing would have to be cancelled the hats were as waterlogged as the course. At point-to-points in the rain-soaked English springtime you expect to need tractors to tow cars from the quagmires where they are parked, but when tractors have to be used at Ascot in midsummer even the stiff upper lips of the British tend to twist into snarls of rage. Some of the foreign diplomats were clearly needing all their diplomacy to find tactful ways of saying what they felt.

## FROST AND FUNFAIRS

The weather having got progressively worse throughout the week, it was something that it did not actually rain

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

*A large number of our American friends will be seeing this issue of The TATLER and we welcome those who have not read it before. The war feature shows how The TATLER of 50 years ago dealt with events of the day and gives trenchant comparison with our current editorial. This section is normally devoted to two or three features ranging wide on subjects of topical interest to the fashionable world.*

*We hope you have enjoyed this issue and will be stimulated to take out a subscription — with British Publications Inc., 30 E 60th St., New York City 22.*





# OVERTURE WITH SEARCHLIGHTS



Searchlights picked out the marching figures of the massed bands, pipes and drums of the North Irish Brigade as they beat Tattoo on the lawns of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, to open the June Ball. There was a diversity of attractions including dancing in four separate locations—one open-air, and two night clubs, one with a Tyrolean flavour, the other with an Arabic theme. Less sophisticated amusement was stimulated by a funfair

1 Cadet Corporal Robert Wilkinson, who aims to be commissioned into the 11th Hussars, with Miss Jenny Poynder

2 Miss Nuala Gillespie and 2nd Lieut. David Hibbs of the R.A.S.C.

3 Miss Amanda Attree uses the inter-table telephone system in the Tyrolean nightclub. With her, Officer Cadet David Sievwright

4 Miss Suzie Gibson and Officer Cadet Peter Kyte

5 Miss Sally Dimpleby and Officer Cadet Mark McCormick reach maximum height on the swings at the funfair

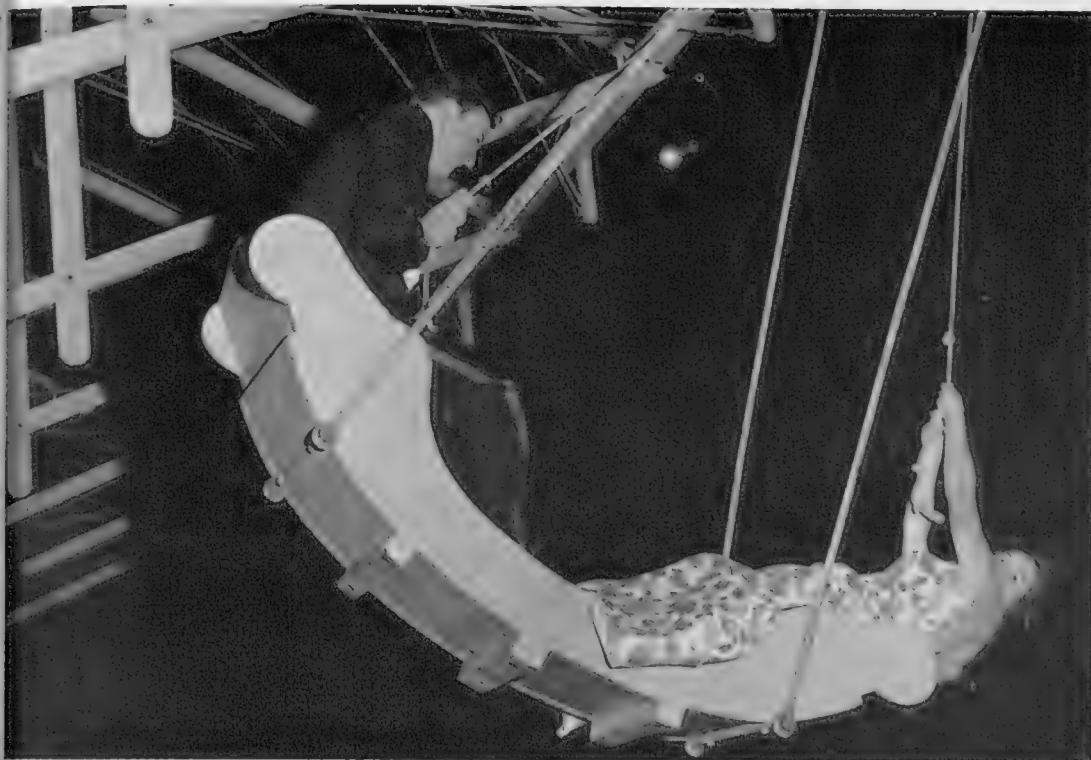
6 Miss Mary Freeman drives on the dodgems. Her passenger: Senior Cadet Michael Barton who plans to enter the Parachute Regiment

7 Lieutenant Barry Bradshaw of the Parachute Regiment advises 2nd Lieut. Sue Messom, who is in the W.R.A.C., at the shooting gallery

8 Miss Sally Durie had already won a goldfish, but Officer Cadet Anthony Durie has a further go at the hoop-la stall







CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

hard during the June Ball at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, on the final Saturday, though older guests were heard muttering about ground frost. The younger ones seemed impervious to the cold and girls in thin dresses were strolling in the grounds, dancing on an open-air dance floor or patronizing the swing boats and dodgem cars at the open air funfair. They could always go in to warm up for a while in one of the two huge ballrooms or visit the Tyrolean nightclub. The warmest spot of all was another nightclub, the Rezzout, where an Egyptian belly dancer attracted crowds. This annual event is always one of the most spectacular balls of the season and since some of the guests did not leave until six in the morning it was clearly a roaring success.

#### "GOOD AS GLYNDEBOURNE"



Another dance, this one held on the Saturday before Ascot, was given by the Hon. Mrs. ROSE PRICE for her daughter SARAH. It was held at their Ascot home, Tetworth, a magnificent Queen Anne and Georgian house which was floodlit for the party. Sarah, who has recently returned from Italy, now speaks fluent Italian, and an Italian village had been constructed for the dance. Here guests could listen to Italian songs in a candlelit setting.

This picturesque idea, with the floodlit house and garden and the sprung floor which had been put down in a marquee on the lawn, combined to make a wonderfully romantic dance. The setting, according to one of the guests, was "as good as Glyndebourne." This dance also provided the uncappable weather story of the week, for the night before the dance the marquee was struck by lightning. It made a hole in the canvas, caused damage inside and required panic action on Saturday morning to get things righted by the evening.

Mr. TIMOTHY ROSE PRICE, on long leave from Eton, was able to be at his sister's dance. Also at the dance was Miss ELIZABETH FLOWER, daughter of Sir Fordham & Lady Flower, who stayed on at Tetworth for Ascot week. She and Sarah are close friends and were in Florence together. Others at the dance were LORD & LADY DUNBOYNE; the Hon. VIRGINIA CARINGTON; Miss MARY CHARTERIS; Mr. DAVID DOUGLAS-HOME; the Hon. ANN MILNE; LADY LATHBURY; and Mr. EDMUND LODER.



*Muriel Bowen is on holiday. She will resume her regular column shortly.*



# ROOFTOP PARTY

Against a backdrop of Soho rooftops, M. & Madame Xavier Dormeuil (*right*) lean on the rail of their penthouse garden in Golden Square during a dance they gave to celebrate the coincident birthdays of M. Dormeuil and Madame André Plagnol

1 Comte de Montpezat and Madame François Demombynes

2 Mrs. Frank Law, Miss Sabina de Falguerolles and Miss Agnès d'Albis

3 Mr. Frank Law and Señora Sportoletti Baduel

4 Mrs. Henry Ballantyne with Dr. & Mrs. Leonard Simpson





# WEDDING AT TRINITY

Miss Sarah Baron, 18-year-old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Baron, of Bryanston Court, W.1, was married to Mr. Robert Alistair McAlpine, son of Sir Edwin & Lady McAlpine, of Benhams, Fawley Green, near Henley-on-Thames, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. A reception was held at the Dorchester, of which the groom's father is deputy chairman



- 2 1 Attendants were Julie Critchley, daughter of Mr. Julian Critchley, M.P. for Rochester and Chatham, Andrew McAlpine and Richard Borwick, nephews of the bridegroom  
2 Miss Susie Methven, daughter of Sir Harry Methven, a director of the Dorchester  
3 Mrs. William Grant  
4 Mrs. Paul Brakspear, former model  
Caroline Westmacott



# LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

The setting for the recent wedding of Miss Elizabeth Ann Watson to Mr. James C. Sherriff was the High Kirk of Edinburgh, St. Giles' Cathedral, where both the bridegroom and bride's father are elders. Miss Watson is the only daughter of Sir William Watson, Treasurer of the Bank of Scotland, and of Lady Watson, of Mansfield House, Edinburgh, and Gateside, Gullane, East Lothian. Mr. Sherriff is the elder son of the late Rev. T. C. Sherriff and Mrs. C. M. Sherriff, of Edinburgh.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. H. C. Whitley, minister of St. Giles, assisted by the Rev. W. Scott Reid, and the 450 guests afterwards went on to a reception held in the Assembly Rooms. The wedding party was piped from St. Giles' by the regimental piper of the bridegroom's battalion, the 8th/9th Royal Scots. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of magnolia satin with a matching hand-embroidered train that was worn by her mother at her wedding; she carried a bouquet of lily-of-the-valley and pale pink roses.

## SEVEN ATTENDANTS

There were seven child attendants—the bride's niece and nephew, Fiona and Ian Watson (who are home on leave from Singapore with their parents, Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Watson); Gillian and Robin Batchelor of Kelso, a niece and nephew of the bridegroom; Katriona and David McIntyre of Inverness-shire, and Jane Mackinlay of Edinburgh. Dr. J. A. D. Anderson, a London school-friend of the bridegroom, was best man and the guests included the bride's younger brother, Mr. David K. D. Watson and his fiancée, Miss Hilary Hart of Musselburgh, whose engagement was announced the day before the wedding. The Sherriffs' honeymoon is being spent in France and they will make their home in Edinburgh.

## SURPRISE HONOUR

"I was stunned. I couldn't think what I had got it for." This was Mrs. G. R. D. MacKinnon's reaction to the award of the O.B.E. in the Birthday Honours. Her interests range from the prevention of cruelty to children to farming and travel, taking in wild life as well. In June she was joint-chairman of the World Wild Life Ball at Osterley Park.

She farms about 500 acres at Linlithgow and has 130 Jersey cows, a number of Shetland ponies, pigs and poultry. But it is as guardian of the famous Drambuie recipe that she is best known. She received it from her husband at the time of their marriage; it had been in his family since the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Eventually the recipe will be handed to her son,

who is managing director of the Drambuie Liqueur Company, of which she is chairman.

## SIMPLE OR CUNNING?

I wondered if people wouldn't give quite a lot to know the secret. But, "nobody troubles to ask me," she told me, and then laughed as she recalled one man who had. He had written from Rhodesia saying that as he had retired he would like to make Drambuie and would she please let him have the recipe. A simple soul—or a cunning one? Anyway, one can be sure that Mrs. MacKinnon let him off gently.

At the moment, apart from being rather breathless about her new honour, she's looking forward keenly to the arrival of 18 girl pipers from Canada who are coming to visit her in August. "About 20 of our own pipers from the Linlithgow Pipe Band will be here too," she told me, "and one of them has written a march which they've named after me. It's going to be played then for the first time."

## TO MARRY IN AUTUMN

That very mobile and energetic person, Mrs. William Stirling of Keir, Keir House, Dunblane, paused the other day in the midst of her many activities to chat to me about the engagement of her elder son, Mr. Archibald Keir, to Miss Charmian Montagu-Douglas-Scott, younger daughter of Lord & Lady George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, of Orme Square, London. Miss Montagu-Douglas-Scott works as a model in London. "She is also an extremely good artist," Mrs. Stirling told me. "She has done some excellent portraits of my son."

The wedding will not be until some time in the autumn, and in the meantime Mr. Stirling is off to South Africa where he has a job in a diamond mine. As well as settling into his job he'll be very busy house hunting during the next three months. He left the Scots Guards about 18 months ago and since then has done some general training in a chartered accountant's office and, more recently, has been learning about quarrying machinery and techniques at a quarry near his home.

He has never been to South Africa before but knows both East Africa and Rhodesia. His father has a farm in Tanganyika and Mrs. Stirling tells me she was out there earlier this year for a few weeks, accompanied by her elder daughter, Hannah, who enjoyed it so much that she stayed on, working—in Kenya, first in broadcasting and later in a bank. Soon she is to be working for the French Consul there. Her younger daughter Magdalen is coming out this year, and is at present in London. She will share a dance in October with Miss Veronica Henderson.

J.P.



# The Khaki Tatler

It was a brilliant July—the Russians at Drury Lane, Mrs. Pat at His Majesty's, the sun pouring down day after day on polo and garden-parties. Then, as the long gold afternoon of an era darkened in the shadow of Sarajevo, the light-hearted mirror of "Society" found itself reflecting the transformation of a whole society, in the crucible of a conflict still known as the Great War

By Ronald Bryden

**T**HE season was nearly over. Ascot, in a flurry of the biggest hats for years, had come and gone. So had Caruso at Covent Garden, singing Radames to Destinn's Aida. Most of the leading hostesses had given their balls—Lady Derby, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, the American Duchess of Marlborough. All the same: "You can't imagine how sleepy everyone gets in the afternoon," wrote "Eve." *The Tatler's* otherwise indefatigable social diarist, to her inexplicably country-bound correspondent "Lady Betty Berkshire." "When you've danced till the milk comes every night for a week, you do have to be on the young side not to feel just a wee bit drowsy at *le five o'clock*, don't you? We counted at least a dozen diligent dozers dreamily 'watching' the polo when the Lords and Commons had it out at Hurlingham on Saturday. The postponement of the bigger dances 'cos of the Court mourning came, I think, rather as a relief than otherwise." The King had not let official grief keep him from Newmarket, "But they say both he and the Queen felt the Austrian shock rather badly. They had been such friends with the Archduke and his wife."

## THE STRUCTURE TREMBLES THEN STEADIES AGAIN

**I**T'S easy to laugh grimly, 50 years later, at the way the first shiver of the earthquake recorded itself in the old *Tatler*, mirror of the society it would destroy. But in July, 1914, Eve was not alone in supposing the traditional summer revels of the world's wealthiest class in the world's greatest city of more durable consequence than the snuffing-out of a Habsburg prince in a Balkan market town. A State ball was cancelled, but within the week the King and his elder sons were at Lord's for a match commemorating the centenary of the MCC ground. The Duchess of Portland ("her waxy pallor is doubtless attributable to the strict vegetarian diet she has practised for a long while") and Lady Salisbury merely put back their dances a fortnight, to the lull before Goodwood. Everyone looked forward to the most splendid Cowes ever, to wind up the season at the end of the month. The pretensions of the Kaiser's competing regatta at Kiel were put into perspective, surely, by the presence of his youngest son, holidaying incognito on the Isle of Wight.

## THE SOCIETY PAPER GEARS FOR WAR

**O**NE could not report "Society" without reporting Westminster, the comings and goings of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, the crisis in Ireland following the Curragh "mutiny"—the rulers of fashion were also the rulers of the country. True, the reporting might take the form of recalling that Lady Paget, wife of the commander of the army in Ireland, "was one of the first Transatlantic hostesses to entertain and be on terms of friendship with British royalty." But that too, perhaps, had a bearing on the crisis, and simply foreshadowed the kind of personal journalism Lord Beaverbrook's papers were to pioneer after the war. It's interesting to recognize in the old *Tatler's* pages several of the techniques now commonplace in our dailies.

*The Tatler* was a pioneer of the first-person column, whose tone could triumphantly involve in a relationship of common interest and assumption the titled and glamorous lives that swam through its photographs and the thousands of ordinary readers whose tea-tables and

[Continued overleaf]



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG DRAMATIST READING EXTRACTS FROM HIS LATEST PLAY TO NATIVE OF BILLINGSGATE. Drawing by Bert Thomas



## WOMEN'S HELP FOR THE WAR OFFICE

Which will bring the suffrage nearer to them than years of militancy  
MRS. BALIOL SCOTT, THE FAMOUS LADY RIFLE SHOT, TEACHING THE STRONGER SEX HOW TO SHOOT  
A boy scout is here receiving a course of instruction from Mrs. Baliol Scott at the Byfleet Ladies' Rifle Range, of which she is a prominent member. The club have very generously undertaken to give free tuition and ammunition to all men who care to attend the range. Needless to say the ubiquitous boy scout is represented "in the firing line"

The pictures and captions in this section are taken from *The Tatler* of July, 1914 to September, 1915



gossip it furnished. Some of those assumptions appear most clearly in the advertisements: Harrods' offer gold opera-lorgnettes at 35 guineas, a Knightsbridge haberdasher "the largest selection of Solar Topees in the World." The South-Eastern & Chatham Railway advertised second-class excursions to Paris for 39s. 11d.; a new Humber tourer cost £270, and by subscribing to a motorists' association you could obtain petrol for it at a halfpenny a gallon.

The pleasures and confidence of the English rich could be shared by an enormous middle-class as familiar as themselves with the diversions of Harrogate, Killarney and Deauville, the music of Wagner, the novels of Galsworthy and Hugh Walpole. The chatter of Eve and Priscilla, the leisurely book-reviews ("Among Silent Friends") of Richard King, were carefully calculated to unite insiders and outsiders in a single, casual understanding, as were the Saki-esque post-theatre dialogues of the anonymous *Tatler* drama man and "the Creature"—his sceptical suburban wife.

\* \* \*

### THE FUN GETS FASTER AND ELIZA SWEARS

IT had been a wonderful summer. The heat-wave went on and on, bringing out flimsier and flimsier chiffons at the flower-show and Henley ("Woman was justified of her transparencies last week," scribbled Eve),

more and more frivolous parasols ("mine is a sort of pagoda with frills") at the Eton-Harrow match and Wimbledon. "The two operas seem about as much indoor amusement as people feel able to patronise these lovely moonlit July nights." Sir Joseph Beecham's brilliant son, having made *Rosenkavalier* and its waltzes the winter's sensation, was now conducting his father's Russian season at Drury Lane, and tickets for Chaliapin in *Boris* or Karsavina in *Coq d'Or* were as hard to obtain as seats for Carpentier's fight with "Gunboat" Smith at Olympia. The barbaric peacock blues and oranges of Bakst's decors were seized on to relieve the current "Futurist" fad—forerunner of the "jazz" mode in the Twenties—for black-and-white stripes and squares on everything.

Futurist pierrots and costers abounded at an enormous midnight costume ball at the Savoy ("the Last Word in Gaiety, Beauty and Go") at which Gertie Millar, Fay Compton and Cicely Courtneidge auctioned off dances for the blind, and there was a black-&-white Futurist revue at the Alhambra, called *Not*

—Likely after the famous line in Mr. Shaw's new play with which Mrs. Patrick Campbell had been bringing down the house nightly since April at His Majesty's. ("At first the audience looked as if someone had lighted a bomb under their seats," wrote the *Tatler* reviewer at *Pygmalion*'s first night. "Then—perhaps because the auditorium was dark—they merely burst into the most honest, straight-

forward laughter I have heard in a theatre for some time.")

\* \* \*

### THEN THE CHILL OF A PROPHETIC TRAGEDY

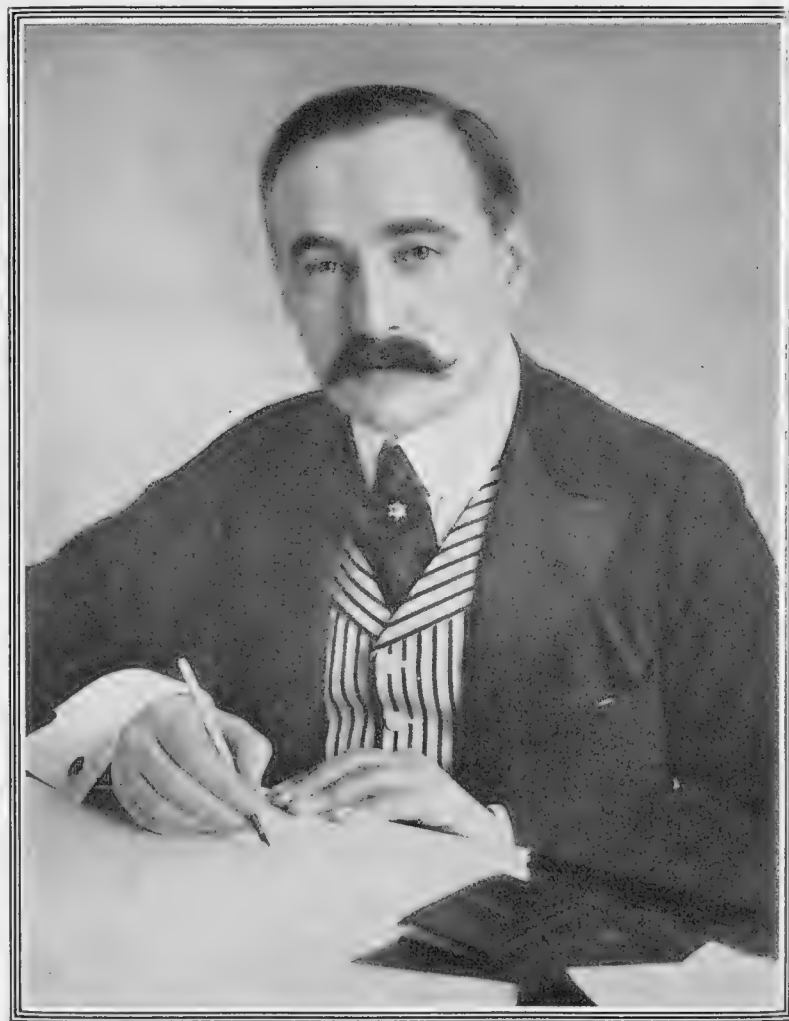
MEANWHILE the fashionable intelligence from the *Tatler* correspondent in Paris, Priscilla (a devil-may-care bachelor girl who headed her despatches "Dearest Nunks"), was keyed to a more sombre note: dresses at Longchamps were "black, all black, with no relief anywhere 'cept of course pearls and powder and lip salve." There were other curiously prophetic touches to the season. Several of the bright young people whose photographs regularly enlivened the *Tatler* pages were called as witnesses at the inquest on Sir Denis Anson, a young baronet who dived recklessly into the Thames during a midnight cruise and drowned. A member of the band which was playing on deck dived after him and drowned as well. There were harsh comments in the press about the heartless pursuit of pleasure by the young socialites aboard, among them the "Three Graces" without whom no charity ball or pageant was complete that year. They were the Cunard heiress Nancy, Sir Herbert Tree's daughter Iris and Lady Diana Manners, youngest and loveliest of the Rutland sisters. Years later in her memoirs, Lady Diana was to write of the chill which the Anson tragedy cast over the gaiety of that last July,



DR. W. G. GRACE (AGED 61)

GEORGES CARPENTIER (AGED 20)

We cannot resist contrasting by conjunction two champions in different fields of sport, one whose day of triumph in the field is over, the other whose dazzling career in the ring is but beginning. "W.G.'s" position in the world of cricket never has been and never will be approached. He stands supreme, the embodiment of English cricket for all time. He must, like the rest of our readers, be interested in the French boy of 20 who has had such an amazing career in a different field which, however, demands similar qualities. We predict that in a very few years Carpentier will stand alone among the white boxers of the world



COUNT ALBERT MENSENDORFF-POUILLY

The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in England is at present one of the men whose names are being prominently mentioned in connection with the general upheaval in Europe. For ten years now Count Mensdorff, who is a cousin of our present King, has held his high office. He holds many distinguished orders and is a diplomat with vast and varied experience dating from 1884, when he first entered the Foreign Office at Vienna. Count Mensdorff is a great sportsman and a prominent member of the Jockey Club





### "JUST-SEW" PICTURES

Society Working Hard for our wounded heroes

#### LADY GLADSTONE AT HER HOME IN BUCKINGHAM GATE

Lady Gladstone on her arrival in England from South Africa has found plenty to occupy her time, for the needs of the wounded soldiers must be attended to, and society has been hard at work sewing, organizing, and writing cheques to this end. Lady Gladstone is busy helping to equip four Territorial base hospitals. Before her marriage she was Miss Dorothy Paget, daughter of Sir Richard Paget. Her husband was appointed to the post of Governor-General in South Africa in 1909



#### THE KAISER AND THE OFFICERS OF THE FAMOUS DEATH'S HEAD HUSSARS

THE CROWN PRINCE, PRINCESS LOUISE (DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK-LUNEBERG), AND THE CROWN PRINCESS ARE ON HIS LEFT

This is the type of photograph which we imagine must thoroughly rejoice the heart of the pugilistic monarch of Potsdam and his tiresome and equally belligerent son and heir. The Death's Head Hussars, which were badly handled by the Belgians in the recent fighting, are perhaps the "crackest" of the German crack cavalry regiments. The ominous skull (verb. sap.) is plainly seen on the shako which Princess Louise is wearing. It may be recalled that we, too, have our "Death or Glory Boys"—the 17th Lancers



### "GOOD-BYE, GOOD LUCK TO YOU"

*There isn't much we 'avent shared, since Kruger cut and run,  
The same old work, the same old skoff, the same old dust and sun;  
The same old chance that laid us out, or winked an' let us through;  
The same old Life, the same old Death. Good-bye, good luck to you.*

—Kipling

A wonderful sunset picture taken in the Dardanelles of a soldier visiting the grave of an old comrade who has "gone west"



#### A BEAUTIFUL AUSTRIAN. Taken in fancy head-dress worn at a ball just before the outbreak of hostilities

THE COUNTESS VERA DE BISSINGEN

Notwithstanding the unfortunate position in which Austria has been placed by the "mad dog" policy of her allies, the Germans, one cannot but admire the whole-hearted energy which the ladies of their aristocracy are displaying in ameliorating the condition of those who are suffering in this terrible war. Countess Vera is acknowledged to be one of the reigning beauties of Vienna



### FACING THE—FOOTLIGHTS

A patriotic tableau at the Alhambra, "The Defenders of Europe" RUSSIA (MISS MADGE THORPE), BRITANNIA (MISS HILDA DICK), FRANCE (MISS ROSE SULLIVAN), AND IN FRONT BELGIUM (MISS DORIS WOODGER) Every music-hall has now its patriotic moments. This is one from the very successful Alhambra revue "Not Likely." There is also a fine patriotic poem recited by Mr. Ben Webster to appropriate accompaniment. Altogether the recruiting influence is very strong in Leicester Square



like a premonition of all the young deaths to follow so soon. She and her friends were the *jeunes premières* of *The Tatler's* cast, the names that recurred week after week at point-to-points, charity matinées, country-house parties, as much household words as those of the actresses—Gladys Cooper, Elsie Janis, Phyllis Neilson-Terry—who smiled over their shoulders in the second half of the *Journal of Society and the Drama*. But it was indicative of the society to which they belonged that their doings took second place to the serious business of the nation.

### EVE AND THE HEART-BEAT OF THE WORLD

BUT it was "Eve," opening the magazine with her snippets of London gossip, who had to bear the brunt of accommodating the old *Tatler* style to the new world born on 4 August, 1914. "... in the great affairs at stake personal affairs have been lost sight of, completely swallowed up. Holidays looked forward to for months have been cheerfully cancelled, bravely sacrificed; weddings that were to have been great gatherings have taken place with the utmost quietness; and no one has entertained or had the heart to seek amusement. Even the people, thank goodness, have not 'mafficked,' the nearest they've got to that rather dreadfulness being to mass themselves in the neighbourhood of the Palace and Westminster and cheer their Majesties and the Ministers. . . . Here in London this last week or two there has really seemed to beat the heart of the world." The tone was not yet certain—there were to be embarrassing lapses in the next month or two as she discussed the hardship caused by lack

of valets, wondered how grouse were to be kept down on the deserted Scottish moors and reported, after a paragraph of noble enlistments, that "quite a lot of other people too, failing to get commissions, have just joined up as privates." But on the whole, while Priscilla (after a Ouida-esque foray to the front in Belgium, crossing the closed border on horseback with a Flemish captain) tactfully disappeared, Eve succeeded and survived, reporting a home front from which all the old landmarks were disappearing.

### THE MOOD, MONS AND THE GRENADIER

IT was a question of finding a mood to match that of a country jolted out of all normal preoccupations by the realization that, within days of war's outbreak—there was no transition, no "phoney war" to dull the shock—Englishmen were dying in France. To some extent, the national urgency could be expressed by the activities of the old *Tatler* people. The Prince of Wales ("A Royal Example to the Young Unmarried Men of the Empire") joined the Grenadier Guards. The Marquess of Linlithgow lent Hopetoun as a naval hospital, the Duke of Sutherland, Dunrobin; his Duchess, like the Countess of Dudley, led a contingent of nurses to Belgium. A number of "gentlemen-jocks" joined the 11th Hussars in a body. But to a magazine dependent on the advertising of theatres and large stores, there was an obvious appeal in the slogan of "Business As Usual." "There is a tendency to sit in sackcloth and ashes," warned Eve, "to cast as it were all raiment from us. This is a feeling that has to be strongly combated. There are many who are dependent on us for support by the work they

do." "Keep the Workers Working," implored a centre-page spread. "No Profession has Responded more Magnificently in the Past to the Sacred Call of Charity than the Stage. No Profession is Suffering more Cruelly from the Effects of this Terrible War. So let us, if we can, Support their Present Endeavours to Give us Relaxation, and to Keep as Many of their Members Employed as is Possible."

It was an attitude that quickly faltered as the first casualty lists came in from Mons. A shaken Eve described the faces of women waiting in Whitehall for details of men posted "missing." "There'll be little entertaining," she wrote, "and for most of us not even a wish for entertainment, I'm afraid, in London this winter. The theatres and places of amusement will be kept up mostly by the middle classes, which seem to be taking up the Business as Usual motto with positive enthusiasm. Despite an announcement that it would concentrate on keeping up spirits, leaving war reporting to its older sister the *Sphere*, *The Tatler* by mid-September had become to all intents and purposes a military journal, running profiles of war leaders—French, Joffre, Admiral Beatty—and histories of the better-known regiments. The 18th-century exquisite on the cover was joined by the stern figure of a Georgian grenadier, carrying a musket instead of an eyeglass and staring out as fiercely at the reader as Kitchener from the "King and Country" posters.

### SHOULD WE MOURN FOR AUSTRIA'S CHIEF?

THE news of the German atrocities at Dinant and the burning of Louvain University library put paid, too, to any vestigial sympathy



### THE LETTERS OF EVE—CONTINUED— THE EFFECTS OF MARS UPON VENUS

On the left is the feminine translation of a kepi, in the middle of a dashing hussar, and on the right a picturesque variation of a Russian head-dress. It is also rumoured that khaki may be the fashionable colour next Spring—Heaven forbid!—as apart from its glorious associations it is not a becoming colour





#### A BECOMING WIDOW'S DRESS

Of dull crêpe de chine. The jupe is of black crape, with an accordion-pleated tunic of crêpe de chine. The corsage is cleverly arranged with pannier basque, with a snow-white lawn Medici collar and vest. The scheme completed with a hat-bonnet and crape and graceful flowing veil



#### GOOD RIDDANCE!

##### MADAME BERTHA TROST

Madame Trost, one of the most extraordinary figures in the undercurrents of London society, has just been deported as an "undesirable." All Londoners have seen her driving in her carriage and pair, with her grey curls and early-Victorian crinoline. She ran two beauty shops in Clifford Street, and gave parties of the most Bohemian description in her large house north of the park. Many curious rumours had gathered round her name, and the recent action of the police surprised few people. It is said that she was also one of the most active German spies in London



with the aristocracies of the Kaiser's court and hapless Austria. For a few weeks, there had been pages of pictures of noble Viennese beauties whose London popularity *The Tatler* regretfully remembered and whose efforts for Austrian war charities it still could not forbear to admire, despite the "mad-dog" policies into which their country had been led by its militaristic ally. The old Emperor Franz Joseph was said to be ill and grieving. If he were to die, ruminated Eve, "shall we go into Court mourning, I wonder? Does one for the enemy? Or does war cancel even that most unchangeable law of the Medes and the Persians—Court etiquette?" By October there was no more of that; the magazine ranged itself fiercely on the side of patriots who agitated for deportation of all resident aliens born on enemy soil, and was retailing rumours of rich and highly-placed persons with un-English names whose houses on the East Coast were said to blaze nightly with lights which might guide the German.s

All aristocratic detachment and cosmopolitanism were swept up in the same wave of emotion that filled the theatres with patriotic spectacles of the English past. At His Majesty's, *Pygmalion* was replaced by *Drake*; the Garrick threw up something called *Bluff King Hal*; a limited run was planned, for the intellectuals, of scenes from Hardy's huge epic of the Napoleonic wars, *The Dynasts*. The music halls each had its own patriotic tableau and recruiting

song—Maggie Teyte herself consented to sing the most popular, "Your King and Country Need You," at an Albert Hall concert for Belgian refugees. From the dignity of her first reactions to the world holocaust, Eve found herself descending cheerfully to the use of such popular vulgarisms as "the loathsome Germ" for the enemy; elsewhere, *The Tatler* depicted the Hohenzollern heir as the "Clown Prince." George Belcher's cartoons of bemused rustics drilling were joined by fiercely derisive ones of the German dachshund being thrown back from Warsaw by the Russian bear, of Tommies fraternizing with roguish mademoiselles.

\* \* \*

### THE STUFF TO GIVE THE TROOPS

BUT cheerfulness kept breaking in. The early tragic emotion could not be maintained on its plane of nobility, and besides, the soldiers wanted to be entertained. "Don't send us pictures of the war," wrote an officer from Flanders, "give us more pretty girls." Pleasure could be justified if it involved amusing soldiers on leave, or wounded. A *Tatler* fund to supply games to military hospitals was started with a contribution by Queen Alexandra. Pictures of generals and regimental groups were unobtrusively ousted by shots of Gaby Deslys, the French star of *The Passing Show* revue, airing bandaged officers in the sidecar of her motor-bicycle, and of her shapely

co-Parisienne, Alice Delysia, decorously entering the Thames in a bathing suit. "We saw the last half of *A Country Girl* last night," admitted Eve late in October, hastily adding, "taking khaki out with us again." The patriotic spectacles, on the whole, had closed rapidly, and been replaced with revivals of the most popular of the Edwardian operettas. *The Chocolate Soldier* returned to the Lyric, a revival of *The Belle of New York* drew crowds to the Aldwych, and Lily Elsie, the original *Merry Widow* and *Our Miss Gibbs*, emerged from retirement to appear in a new comedy. So long as people felt guilty about going to the theatre unless accompanied by men on leave, managers were reluctant to take risks on anything but the stuff to give the troops.

The same mood gradually pervaded *The Tatler*. It was a revolution that reflected what was happening to the whole of English life. As it became clear that the war would not be over by Christmas and the country settled down for the four-year struggle, England began to see itself simply as a supply base and rest station for the great army in Flanders which was now the ruling purpose and élite of the nation. It was a cast with much broader tastes and humour than the old *Tatler* readership, less respectful of royalty and nobility, more interested in guidance to the fleshpots and diversions London could offer a "temporary gentleman" on leave. "Khaki" had now an undisputed right and *entrée* to the pleasures that were once preserves of the rich and aristocratic, and "khaki" was everybody. England would never be able wholly to go back on that, and neither would *The Tatler*.

\* \* \*

### EVE FINDS HER MOMENT OF TRUTH

IN one way the old *Tatler* kept faith with its tradition. In the first week of the war, it had introduced a "Roll of Honour"—a page of pictures of officers killed on active service. It was to continue throughout the war: a growing, endless cluster of the smiling, unbearable faces of the young dead. Polo heroes, rowing blues, cricketers, heirs to ancient titles, the most constant dancing partners of the "Three Graces"—Viscount Hawarden, the Hon. Percy Wyndham, the handsome Grenfell twins, Prince Maurice of Battenburg—all were to take their places in that tragic portrait gallery during the first year of war. Here, still *The Tatler* continued its old office of reporting what "Society" was doing: Society was dying in Flanders, the Dardanelles and in the cold, submarine-haunted waves of the North Sea. "Khaki" had taken its place. At the thinly-attended events of the 1915 season, there was no sense of apology. Eve reported them as insouciantly as she had the last, brilliant turn-outs of the year before; but the faces were new, the lists of names were replaced by general reference to "several officers and actresses." Where she did encounter names, she wrote of them with a new flippancy. "Big bugs like Mr. Asquith promised to speak, three Queens at least came to give tone, programmes were sold by innumerable young women arrayed in more or less suitably diaphanous garments." She had got her tone right at last. The season was still fun, but it would never again be important.



LADY MARCH AND MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY EN ROUTE FOR GOODWOOD  
Lady March is a daughter-in-law of the Duke of Richmond. Lord Burghersh, Lord Westmorland's heir, is seen in front reading the—well, not "The Daily News" anyway



A CHARMING LITTLE "BEECH-NUT" AT DEAUVILLE—AND A GAY DOG  
The bathing or, to quote the popular song, the "get-out-and-get-under" season is in full swing. The lady of our picture has "got out" of her machine but shows no desire to "get under" the waves, for which our photographer should be truly grateful



### FLIGHT SUB-LIEUTENANT R. A. J. WARNEFORD

WHO BAGGED A ZEPPELIN AND A V.C. WITHIN 40 HOURS

We congratulate the subject of this picture on his splendid achievement in destroying a Zeppelin single-handed. So far he is the only living airman with that distinction. The Zeppelin which Sub-Lieutenant Warneford destroyed was flying between Ghent and Brussels at a height of 6,000 ft. He dropped six bombs in swift succession, and saw it explode and hurtle earthwards a mass of blazing wreckage. The force of the explosion overturned Sub-Lieutenant Warneford's monoplane, but fortunately he succeeded in righting it and, although forced to descend in enemy territory, was able to restart his machine and return safely to his own aerodrome. The King conferred upon him the V.C. by telegram 36 hours after his achievement—another record



### A DRAMATIC UNIT

In the wonderful procession of patriotic women which recently marched through an enthusiastic London

MISS FARNAR-BRINGHURST AS MARTYRED BELGIUM

The subject of our picture walked with bare, bruised feet at the head of the great women's procession which marched through London on the 17th of this month to claim the right to work for England. Her pathetic black drapery, the symbolical tattered flag waving aloft, and her striking beauty made her the cynosure of all eyes. Miss Farnar-Bringhurst is only 19 years old



### THE INTERPRETER

A sketch by John E. Sutcliffe



### "THE TATLER" IN GALLIPOLI

A topping tonic after taking Turkish trenches  
SOME OFFICERS OF THE GALLANT LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS ENJOYING A SHORT RESPIRE WITH AN OLD AND VALUED FRIEND

We are continually, and with ill-repressed pride, receiving gratifying messages as to the popularity "The Tatler" enjoys amongst "the boys" abroad and now we produce pictorial confirmation of that pleasing fact. We take this opportunity of asking our readers when they have finished with their copy to forward it to a friend "somewhere" across the water. There are no war pictures to irritate those to whom war is a grim reality, only pictorial and literary reminders of brighter days and friends at home



### THE GABY GLIDE—AND RIDE

Mlle. Gaby Deslys takes a wounded soldier (full of Rosy Rapture) for a spin on her motor bike



# The evolution of Old Bill

Old Bill belongs to *The Tatler* through his association and that of his creator, the late Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, with *The Bystander*, which was incorporated with this magazine in 1941 during the course of another war.

The *Bystander* name still survives on our title page. Bairnsfather's first cartoon, the evocative *Where Did that One Go To?* was sent direct from the trenches to

*The Bystander*. His later ragments from France—or a selection of the best known of them—appear here chiefly because no survey of the period would be complete without them. Bairnsfather in wartime came under other than German fire for what was termed his flippancy in the face of a world conflict. But flippancy in a Bairnsfather drawing is far to seek and so is sentimentality. They

were produced for the most part in the sodden, rat-run trenches of "Plugstreet" and

First Ypres or at best in shattered rest billets only a mile or two behind the line.

The captions were hard and gritty, like the characters they celebrated. The 1914-18 line soldier needed hardness and grit to survive, he also needed to laugh at the trials and the incidental horrors that beset him.

Bairnsfather understood this, he was a line soldier himself. He claimed no great credit for the creation of the walrus-moustached, tomato-nosed, cross-grained Old Bill. His view was that the character evolved of itself, conceived by charcoal stub and scraps of paper out of experience of men and war.

Bill himself did not appear in that first Bairnsfather cartoon but take a look at the character hugging the dirt to the extreme left of the sandbagged dugout. The beginnings are there, the rest would follow. Old Bill is the epitome of the Briton at war, unprepared but adaptable, endlessly resilient and always with a grouse. He and his cronies, Alf and Bert, held the line at Ginchy and Bapaume, at Arras and the Albert Canal, endured the barrage and the enfilade at the Somme and at Passchendaele, supported the monstrous toil and endless battles of the ill-famed Salient and finally marched with sore feet and fresh grumbles to the Hindenberg Line and beyond.

Their chronicler marched a good deal of the way with them and he too survived to say much later in the inter-war years: "I suddenly saw the ridiculous side of being miserable in such bizarre surroundings."

His autobiography *Wide Canvas* was published almost on the eve of World War II during which he was official cartoonist to the American Army in Europe. Bruce Bairnsfather died at 71 in 1959 at Chapel Cottage, Norton, Worcestershire. Old Bill did not die, he has evolved into a legend.



FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

"Where did that one go to?"



ENTANGLEMENTS

"Come on, Bert, it's safer in the trenches"



# COIFFURE IN THE TRENCHES

"Keep yer 'ead still, or I'll 'ave yer blinkin' ear off!"



# BETTER 'OLE

"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it!"



# NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATEVER

Sentry: "'Alt! Who goes there?"  
He of the Bundle: "You shut yer ——— mouth, or I'll ——— come  
and knock yer ——— head off."  
Sentry: "Pass, friend!"



# SO OBVIOUS

The Young and Talkative One: "Who made that 'ole?"  
The Fed-up One: "Mice!"







# HAVE LUGGAGE WILL TRAVEL

Today's luggage is decorative enough to carry around empty, just for looks. A better idea is to fill it up with colourful, packable holiday clothes and take off for faraway places. Unity Barnes found the lively off-duty clothes here, and chose the shapely luggage to do them justice. Photographs by David Montgomery

**Left:** pink flowers and green leaves are massed on the poplin bodice of this beach dress; the skirt is in rose-pink towelling. Matching up, the close-fitting Bermuda shorts and a little bikini (not shown). All from France, 28 gns. the set at Sixty One Park Lane

**Far left:** trellis-printed cotton in scarlet, white and blue for a long shirt and brief shorts, 9 gns. together from Violy. Red leather saddle-stitched luggage: chunky holdall by Molmax, 9½ gns., roomy shoe-bag which unzips flatly to hang on the wall, 16 gns. The tall, mysterious case is a wig-box with a statuesque polyester head to carry a well-coiffed wig safely on its travels. By Morton, 15 gns. All at Harvey Nichols



# HAVE LUGGAGE WILL TRAVEL

**Right:** peasant-printed cotton in red, blue and white makes a wrap-around beach dress, designed to be worn back to front with equal charm, £2 19s. 6d. at Jaeger, Regent Street; the little matching turban, 10s. 6d.

**Far right:** the Italian way with handkerchiefs: take two or three giant-size cotton ones spotted in red and white, fashion them into a collarless blazer, line it with the same in navy blue, quilt the lot and add bold brass buttons. Underneath is a shirt made from more red and white handkerchiefs. Blazer, 9 gns., shirt £5 from Violy, 152b, Walton Street. The stretchy corded red trousers are by Pantelles, £3 18s. at Jeanne Aymes, 60, Queensway. The Aeroport cases seen here had already flown nearly 10,000 miles before being photographed—proof of their tough resilience. In smoke blue, moulded on to light aluminium frames, there are four sizes, starting from £4 19s. 6d. for a 22-inch base. Crown Luggage by Noton at Swan & Edgar; Fenwick, Newcastle







# HAVE LUGGAGE WILL TRAVEL

**Right:** marine-blue rayon and cotton denim dress with precise rows of white stitching around the circular collar and tapering hem, and on the low patch pockets. By Miss Polly, 6 gns. at Channele, Knightsbridge and branches; Lucinda Byre, Liverpool; Polly Peck Boutique, Portsmouth. Antler's soft Airzip case, designed for a man but just as popular with globe-trotting girls, is in leathery looking Niolan, zipped neatly around the edges and fastened with a locking tab. 24 inches. £7 19s. 6d. at Selfridges

**Far right:** a packable, washable, pretty dress in brightly white knitted Orlon has scrolled navy embroidery on the little flat collar, a single navy band down the front to accentuate its plumb-straight line. By Mr. Sherman, 6½ gns. at Harvey Nichols Little Shop







# HAVE LUGGAGE WILL TRAVEL

Trompe l'oeil dress with a two-piece look in orange cotton, the bodice printed with diagonal olive stripes. By Marimekko of Finland, 11 gns. at Vasa, 31 Lowndes Street. The olive cotton hat is 3 gns. Revelation's newest air travel cases in white Boltaron have squared corners, crimson linings. In three sizes, from 12 gns. for a 25-inch case; the overnight case, 9 gns. All at Dickins & Jones

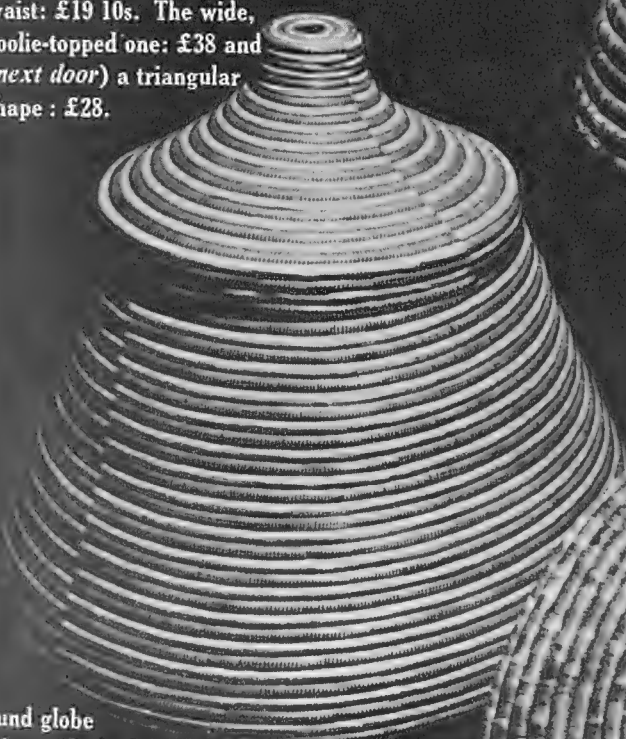


Ali Baba baskets have the undeniable advantage of providing an ideal space to toss every lost object. Put the washing in them, store toys, use one as a base for a gigantic collection of foliage with an everlasting beauty—look for artichokes, corn on the cob, handsome ears of wheat, thistles, teasels and other unusual specimens. Ali Baba baskets in any case are beautiful things to look at. Lovingly woven in colours to rival a wheatfield, they are amazingly strong and pliable. Some of the most covetable baskets come from Sardinia where they seem to understand that a stark modern line becomes these peasantry objects. From a choice of Sardinian baskets at Liberty: Ali Baba stands in a vast basket that widens at the waist: £19 10s. The wide, coolie-topped one: £38 and (next door) a triangular shape: £28.

# Ali BABA bASKETS

Round globe basket with the lid off is woven of English rushes: £7 19s. 6d. Ali Baba holds (left) a basket called The Serpent: £5 19s. 6d. at Heal's. Other Serpentine baskets are at the Lord Roberts Workshops in Brompton Road. And the General Welfare of the Blind shop in Tottenham Court Road.

PHOTOGRAPH  
SANDRA LOUSADA





# on plays

Pat Wallace / Builder of dreams

Not every English playgoer finds himself in sympathy with the plays of Ibsen and, even among the faithful, not everyone enjoys **The Master Builder**. In the repertoire of the National Theatre it has been adapted by Mr. Emlyn Williams and is played by a distinguished cast which includes Sir Michael Redgrave, Miss Celia Johnson and Miss Maggie Smith, with Mr. Max Adrian in a relatively minor part. And it still fails to move.

I think that one of the reasons for this—and a very simple one—is to be found in the central character himself, for Solness (even as played by Sir Michael with the emphasis on such human qualities as the role possesses—a wry humour and a revolt against the gloom of his home) is essentially a charmless creature, and to be utterly devoid of that attribute is to make it more difficult than ever to establish a bond between the player and the audience. "To live in a house without a gleam of hope; it's intolerable," exclaims Solness at one point. But the playgoer

may also have the unworthy feeling that Solness is no ball of fire either.

As the principal architect in a Norwegian town, Solness is an ambitious, self-made tyrant. Far from being stimulated by competition, he crushes it completely and, while using the plans of his gifted young assistant, he allows him no independence, playing on the secret devotion of the man's fiancée to keep him attached to his own office and in a subservient position.

The girl's desperate love and reverence for Solness are treated quite cynically, and used, as he freely admits to a friend, solely to keep the working balance of his enterprise in hand. His wife Aline, played by Miss Johnson with a fine contrast of grace and astringency, is an unhappy creature who, since the loss of her baby years ago, seems to have renounced all human feeling to concentrate on the trivia of housekeeping and social obligations. "It's my simple duty" is the cold phrase which typifies a significant side

of her character.

In this cheerless household appears one evening a vigorous and forthright young girl, Hilde, brimming with vitality and announcing that she has waited ten years for the master builder to redeem a childhood promise to come back—like a troll—and carry her off to some country to make her his princess and buy her a kingdom. Solness reluctantly remembers the occasion but, even though he is treating it as a long-ago jest, begins to feel the enchantment of the young woman's forceful personality.

She reminds him of the time when he had climbed the tower of a church that he had just completed and tells him of her passionate admiration for him at that time. Eventually as he shows her the newest house which he has built, this time for his own habitation, she challenges him to climb to the top of the tower which is a part of its design and we see Solness coming gradually to accept the fantastic project.

It needs no extraordinary perception to equate the scaling of the height with sexual prowess; this is implicit in the writing and the final catastrophe is inevitable, too. What appeared to me to be missing in this production was the sensa-

tion of demoniac forces at work in the girl, by which Solness is increasingly lost to reality and finally to life itself. Sir Michael is strong enough in his interpretation but Miss Maggie Smith, delicious player of comedy that she is, brings a lightness and what I can only call a healthiness of mind to the part of Hilde which takes a great deal of the meaning from her febrile insistence. Hilde should affect him as an overpowering force. As it is, her incitement has all the power of a "dare" between contemporaries.

Ibsen in his sixties had met a young Viennese with whom he had a brief, hectic but somewhat inconclusive relationship and she was to serve as the rough sketch for Hilde's nature. The photographs of the be-whiskered *père de famille* of this period make the probability of any kind of liaison highly unlikely in our eyes but it must remain a question for conjecture, as must the problem of Solness being in some measure a self-portrait of the playwright. What is as clear now as it was 70 years ago is that Ibsen, master of stagecraft, had written an impressive and often eloquent play which appeals rather to the intellect than to the emotions.

# on films

Elsbeth Grant / Juvenile delinquents

The late Mr. W. C. Fields had his ways of coping with juvenile picture-stealers—gin in a feeding bottle effectively cooked Baby Leroy's tiny goose but I doubt whether even he could have done a thing to prevent two young girls from robbing Mr. Peter Sellers of **The World of Henry Orient**. Mr. Sellers is the victim of a barefaced theft by the Misses Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth. The fact that the screen-playwrights (Mr. Nunnally Johnson and his daughter, Miss Nora Johnson), the producer (Mr. Jerome Hellman) and the director (Mr. George Roy Hill) seem to have deliberately conspired to aid and abet the adorable young creatures in their delinquency must have irritated him as much as it baffles me.

Why import a star of Mr. Sellers's magnitude to play second fiddle to a couple of unknown kids? The frustration of it all shows in Mr. Sellers's performance as Henry Orient, an obnoxiously conceited

Brooklyn-born concert pianist with a phoney Italian accent and a Casanova complex. He is desperately unfunny in the rôle, and decidedly ham. As for Miss Paula Prentiss, who plays the married woman Orient is currently pursuing, she is embarrassingly bad.

The most humiliating thing for both of them is that it scarcely matters. The film isn't really about the world of Henry Orient at all. It's about the two high-spirited, romantic little schoolgirls so enchantingly played by Miss Walker and Miss Spaeth, as endearingly whacky and touchingly vulnerable a pair of innocents as you could ever hope to find. They share the sweet, dangerous, dreamy notion that life is bound to "come up roses," as the song says. (Let no one tell them it sometimes comes up rheumatism: they have a sufficiently painful discovery to make, as it is.)

When Miss Walker (despite an I. Q. that makes her "some

kind of a genius") decides she is madly in love with Henry Orient, Miss Spaeth (under a deliciously silly and solemn blood-pact) loyally supports her in her efforts to find out everything she can about him. It is not long before Orient becomes aware of two strange, small figures in coolie hats, who appear to be following him like miniature sleuth-hounds wherever he goes. The more he sees of them, the more he is convinced they're up to something sinister.

While Henry Orient works himself into a lather over a possible scandal, I begin to worry over the children, whose days of innocence are now so clearly numbered. There are ominous rumblings in Miss Walker's background—her fashionable, unfeeling mother (Miss Angela Lansbury) is in an ugly mood—but nothing to prepare the poor little things for the thunderbolt which is to strike them dumb with misery and shame. It came as something of a surprise to me, too. The scriptwriters had seemed to regard the Misses Walker and Spaeth with such affection, I had not expected they would ultimately round upon them.

Both girls are heartrending in their one tragic moment—but don't weep for them: they have the resilience of youth. The saddest thing about them, I feel, is that, shedding childhood along with the bands on their teeth, they are destined to develop into a pair of typically precocious American junior misses, with boys on the brain, a predatory glint in the eye and layers of cosmetics all over the face.

One Mr. Elvis Presley at a time is more than enough for me but doubtless there are millions who will rapturously snap up the bargain offered in **Kissin' Cousins**: two Mr. Presleys for the price of one. The U.S. Air Force despatches a dark-haired Mr. Presley, with a small contingent of troops, to Big Smokey Mountain, Tennessee, to talk the hostile natives into allowing a missile base to be built slap on the top.

What should he find up there in the hillbilly country but a whole raft of long-lost relatives—including a blond lout who's the spitten image of himself. "What you doin' with mah face?" the creature asks belligerently. Well, actually Mr. Presley, blond or brunette, is



ANGUS MCBEAN



GRAHAM ATTWOOD

*Fenella Fielding plays Cleopatra in a television production of Thornton Wilder's **The Ides of March** which tells through original letters and diaries of events leading up to the assassination of Julius Caesar. Screen date: 5 July. Left: Maggie Smith is Hilde Wangel in the National Theatre production of Ibsen's **The Master Builder***

doing strictly nothing with his face. He's never been more expressionless—or duller.

By the time Mr. Presley has pumped out 11 songs, his kin-folks are willing to agree to anything, even a missile base. So there are great celebrations and everybody gets barking-mad drunk on moonshine whuskey, and every sex-starved mountain maiden grabs herself a man and drags him into the bushes to devour him in privacy—an astonishing touch of delicacy in an otherwise fairly coarse film.

**Hide and Seek** is something (I couldn't say precisely what) about a nuclear physicist (Mr. Ian Carmichael) kidnapped by a Master Mind (Herr Curt Jurgens) who means to sell him to those naughty Russians. The elaborate plot flops: so, resoundingly, does the film.

*Hugh Griffith plays an eccentric who lives in a Noah-type barge (full of animals and rum) in the new film **Hide and Seek**. He is one of the characters that Ian Carmichael and Janet Munro come across in their comedy-thriller flight from villains*





# DIVIDE BY FOUR

United we stand seems, so far, to have been the basis of the Beatles' success; they have been called a "four-headed genius", and rather intellectual commentators have explored the mystic significance of identical siblings in history and myth. But they are not identical, as the fans soon realized. An extension of this discovery is the theme of their first film, making it rather different from the usual pop-group-into-film-star number. This group has always been cleverly handled by agents and publicists, and the film may yet prove to be

the cleverest touch of all. Alun Owen, Liverpool-born playwright, was asked to do the screenplay and has created a narrative that will show off the individual talents of each Beatle. The film takes them through a typical day in their lives . . . but typical only in externals, the rushing around, avoiding screaming fans, doing shows. The already hectic programme is complicated by giving Paul a fictional grandfather who attempts to split the group. Hazards and crises rise like icebergs and the division of character begins: John enjoys



Awkward moment in a police station for Mixing John McCartney, Paul's grandfather, a clean old gentleman who, nevertheless, cannot resist plotting to disrupt the uniformity of the quartet. The station sergeant is Deryck Guyler, grandfather will be recognized as Wilfred Brambell, more familiarly Steptoe, Snr., in the television series. *Right:* Richard Lester, the film's director. *Far right:* Walter Shenson (*top*) produced the 90 minute, black and white film, and George Ornstein (*bottom*) was responsible for the whole thing. He is United Artists' European production chief (*Tom Jones* was his responsibility too—no further reference needed) and conceived the idea of a Beatles' film even before the quartet's rise to fame last year, contracting them to United Artists before anyone else suddenly thought it would be a good idea to film them too.





it all, making the most of every moment; Paul worries and tries to keep things on an even keel; George reveals a bland doggedness that sees him through, and Ringo . . . Ringo is the one on whom the strain tells most and around whom the final climax develops. The film is called *A Hard Day's Night* (a quotation from John's book *In His Own Write*) and includes six new Beatle-composed songs. It has its world première next Monday at the London Pavilion in the presence of Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon.





# on books

Oliver Warner / Illumination of blindness

"Of the 2,000 Frenchmen who went into Buchenwald with me at the end of January 1944, about 30 survived." So writes Jacques Lusseyran in **And There was Light** (Heinemann 25s.), beautifully translated by Elizabeth Cameron. The author is now a professor in America, successful and happily married, but when he went into Buchenwald he was young and *blind*. The amazing thing is that this is not a horror book, dreadful as some of the author's sufferings were. It is an illumination of blindness, and of human courage. I have never come across any book more positive in its approach to life, more heartening in conveying what man can suffer and not only survive, but conquer—through selflessness. The author was blinded by accident, and redeemed by his parents' understanding affection.

He joined the Resistance in Paris, where he developed an almost infallible judgment of character. The only man he ever took on with some doubt, one Elio, a medical student, betrayed him and his friends. How one longs to know the later history of this moral cripple. It is too feeble to say of this book that it is gripping, heroic and so on. It gives a sense of France as part of Europe; and I do not think that anyone will read it without becoming better informed, not

only about blindness, but about how to apprehend it.

Very different in outlook from Buchenwald are two books about the last century, the first of which exudes cosiness. This is **The Victorian Household** by Marion Lochhead (Murray 25s.). Her theme is domestic in the widest sense, dwelling on detail with loving care, and full of allusion to the coal-warmed fiction which some of us now find typifies an age which seems much more remote than it is in actual distance. Glimpses of Scott's Abbotsford, and of royal households are included, while the middle-class interior is richly drawn upon.

W. J. Reader's **Life in Victorian England** (Batsford 21s.), the second book, belongs to an illustrated series edited by Peter Quennell. Here the poorer classes are well represented, also the dreadful growing towns, metropolitan and provincial. It is crammed with information and though the illustrations vary much in quality, and are too often apt to be pawky, most of them have point. Humour, of a distinctly period kind, is also greatly in evidence.

Victoria is very much herself in **Dearest Child: Letters Between Queen Victoria and the Princess Royal 1858-1861**, edited by Roger Fulford (Evans 42s.) The notes, done with

unobtrusive scholarship and considerable tact, do much to enhance the pleasure of these letters from the Queen to her eldest daughter, who married Frederick of Prussia and deserved a better fate, for she was an enlightened creature destined for much unhappiness in her German environment. As for the Queen, she simply couldn't put pen to paper at any time in her life without compelling attention from even the most reluctant or prejudiced. What a leader-writer lost! At this fairly early stage in her long reign she was still enjoying the blessings of Albert whose watchful shadow seems to be everywhere in this book, and whose death rounds the series off. Royal gossip is engaging enough; the real thing, or so I find, is twice as good.

Briefly: **Matters of Honour** by John Boyle (New Authors 18s.) has a refreshingly unhackneyed background in post-war Heidelberg, and an unusual hero in an Irishman, Raphael Houlihan, who when the story opens is not only hard up but about as bored as he could be. Driven by loneliness into a duelling society in quite the nastiest traditions of Teuton youth, he finds better distraction in a Polish girl of considerable charm. Persuasively done, and so is **The General**, by Nika Hulton (Hart Davis 21s.) which is about the counter-Revolution in Russia, that bloody conflict, though you would scarcely guess it from the offhand and Chekovian way in which incidents are related and charac-

ters come to life. Though I don't find much evidence of Miss Hulton's famous humour here, I am soon swept away by that "atmosphere" which is peculiarly Russian... In **The Daphne du Maurier Tandem** (Gollancz 16s.) you may re-read *Mary Anne* and *My Cousin Rachel*, a pair of novels of which I prefer the first, all about Mary Anne Clarke, once the little friend of the brave old Duke of York, who did a flourishing trade in army commissions and died in France.

Teapots—wine—flowers: all good subjects and all with new books about them. The palm goes to Joyce Rogers for **Flower Arrangement** (Paul Hamlyn 12s. 6d.). Admittedly it is inexpensive but, alas, the colour plates look it. The principles of successful arrangement are, says the author: Design, Scale, Balance, Harmony, Repetition, Rhythm, Focus and Unity. According to her definition "hue" is a pure colour, with no addition of black or white. My two handy dictionaries have other ideas, but there's no room to argue here... John Bedford's **Talking About Teapots** (Max Parrish 25s.) includes all shapes and varieties ("Not one is finished without the approbation of my Sally"; Wedgwood to his partner)... **Make Your Own Wine** by W. Sherrard Smith (Phoenix House 12s. 6d.) is for the amateur imbibitor. "It is estimated that wine is made in a quarter of a million British homes today," says the author. This shows how.

# on records

Spike Hughes / No polite small-talk

When Vittorio Gui first conducted Geraint Evans as Falstaff at Glyndebourne seven years ago he said in print that he thought the Welsh singer was the best he had ever heard in the part, with the exception of Mariano Stabile. Conductors are not given to polite small-talk; Gui meant what he said. Now after all this time the penny seems to have dropped and Evans, hitherto miserably represented on records by one small operatic part (in *Peter Grimes*) and some Gilbert & Sullivan that he has never sung on the stage, has been allowed to show that Gui knew what he was talking about.

His singing of the lead in the complete R.C.A. **Falstaff**

(three records—mono and stereo) is a rare and wonderfully satisfying performance, with a rich, contentedly "fat" vocal quality that adds enormously to the character, and with touches of unexpected pathos which are Geraint Evans's own peculiar contribution.

With Ilva Ligabue singing a brilliant and incisively Italian Alice, this set is well worth having—though strictly as well as, and not instead of, the classic, irreplaceable Toscanini recording of the opera.

The issue of an abridged version of Monteverdi's **L'incoronazione di Poppea** (HMV—two records, mono & stereo), sung by the cast of last

year's Glyndebourne production, is one of those maddening half-loaves which, while they are supposed to be better than no bread, can leave you hungrier than you were in the first place and in a bad temper of frustration that can lead to ulcers. The chief objection to this version of the opera is that by whittling away a passage here and a passage there so much of the astonishing dramatic tension built up by Monteverdi's music is lost. In a miraculous way, however, the sheer class of the composer rises above this rough treatment and we are never in any doubt that *Poppea*, written in 1642 when Monteverdi was 75, is a masterpiece. Magda Laszlo sings *Poppea* with all the sex-appeal needed to explain why lack of virtue in this opera is its own triumphant reward.

Considering how much everybody complains because William Walton's Second Sym-

phony isn't like his First (why should it be, for heaven's sake?) it seems a bit odd to have to report that a recording of the **First Symphony** is only now available again. Pye, in their Collectors' Series, have reissued Sir Adrian Boult's performance of the work made some years ago, this time in a stereo version as well, and so have the market to themselves. The symphony is now 30 years old and it has lost none of its first crackling impact, and least of all any of that powerful and refreshing masculinity which so much modern English music lacks. It was high time it came back into the catalogues.

Walton is also represented by a couple of pieces in Decca's orchestral **Festival of English Music** (Ace of Clubs: one record mono only)—*Siesta* and *Portsmouth Point*. In their earliest days, when they had to struggle with the worst recording and

distribution conditions in the country and their shares were 1s. 6d., Decca did a lot for modern music and for Walton in particular. Among the first records of any kind they ever made were **Façade** in its original form with Edith Sitwell and Constant Lambert, and *Portsmouth Point*. Elgar is also in this album, with the first *Wand of Youth* suite, which in spite of such awful titles as *Fairies and Giants* and *Fairy Pipers* is packed with charm and invention and wonderful

craftsmanship. The other composer in this collection is George Butterworth, killed in the 1914 war, whose *Shropshire Lad* rhapsody and *Banks of Green Willow* are full of the temperate half-tones and folksy autumnal contemplation that, for me at any rate, make so much early 20th-century English music go a long way. The *Shropshire Lad* piece is evocative, nevertheless, and probably the best of its ruminative kind.

One would have thought that

a "complete" recording of Berlioz' **Symphonie Fantastique** was hardly a novelty now, but Colin Davis's excellent performance of the work for Philips (one record, mono and stereo) has plenty the others haven't so far had. For one thing, he reminds us that though it is *Fantastique* it is still a *Symphonie* and he observes several repeats which so many conductors leave out and in so doing disturb the classical form of the music. Then, in the "Ball" scene, Mr.

Davis includes a couple of cornets which were an afterthought on the part of Berlioz and which are nearly always left out. Their inclusion gives the ball a nicely mid-19th-century bourgeois atmosphere which isn't normally there. The sleeve is decorated by a deliciously disgusting Hieronymus Bosch. If it had been a book, and not a picture of St. George at work, the police would have confiscated it long ago in case it frightened the magistrates.

# on galleries

Robert Wraight / Called to the bar

Recently I lived for a week aboard the Israeli ship *Shalom* in close proximity to several major works of the 66-year-old American artist Ben Shahn. I found them so compelling that again and again I was drawn, far too early in the day, to the bar in which they were the principal decorations.

One of them in particular, a 30 ft. long mosaic, impressed me not only as a work of decorative art but also as the summation of Shahn's humanist attitude to life, an attitude that lifts him as both man and artist high above the younger generation of American artists most of whom are, by comparison, gibbering idiots.

At the Leicester Galleries, where 44 of his drawings, watercolours, prints and paintings in tempera, dating from 1930 to the present, are now on show, one is conscious of being in the presence of an artist of great integrity, but one is, at the

same time, made aware of how rare a quality integrity is in art today.

But in case I make the show sound ponderous I should add that with his integrity Shahn couples wit, an excoriating sense of satire and penetrating powers of observation. All these come out not only in his art but also in his writing and in his teaching.

As the Charles Eliot Norton Professor at Harvard University in 1956 and 1957, he gave a series of lectures now gathered together in a book, *The Shape of Content*, that ought to be compulsory reading for all art students—and art critics. I know of no other book in which an artist has analysed his own intellectual processes with more clarity, honesty and genuine modesty, or has imparted wiser advice to the would-be artist.

Humanism, satire and wit are

also vital elements in the work of Jean Louis Forain, and all of these qualities are in evidence in an exhibition of his paintings and drawings which Roland, Browse & Delbanco are now presenting in aid of the Friends of the Tate Gallery. Forain, who was born in 1852 and died in 1931, has been badly neglected. This very fine exhibition shows both the reason for that neglect and the unreasonableness of it.

The reason becomes plain immediately one sets foot inside the gallery in Cork Street, Mayfair. The initial impression is not of a one-man show but of a mixed show of Manet, Degas, Daumier and Forain (and later even Sickert and the young Picasso seem to have a hand in it). To the right of the door is what appears to be a first-class Degas painting *Jeune Fille à sa Toilette*; to the left an exquisite small "Manet" *Femme dans un Atelier*; straight ahead a brilliant "Daumier" drawing *L'Inquiétude*.

Elsewhere *Le Pêcheur*, a strikingly composed picture of a top-hatted angler viewed from above, recalls Degas' famous foreshortened portrait of Carlo

Pellegrini, *Jardin de Paris* is slightly sentimentalised Manet of the mid-1870s, and the drawing *Les Spectateurs à la Course de Taureaux* is reminiscent of Lautrec's *Au Bal du Moulin de la Galette*.

That all these things (so strongly influenced by the idol of his youth, Manet; by his friend, Degas; by his admirer, Lautrec; and by the idol of his middle-age, Daumier), though superbly done, did not save him from posthumous neglect is hardly surprising. What is surprising is that at any time we have underrated the superb series of courtroom paintings that he made when he was in his fifties. These powerful and moving story-tellers transcend, by virtue of their tremendous power and painterliness, all the usual objections to anecdotal pictures.

The examples of this genre in the exhibition—*Audience de Tribunal*, *Scène de Tribunal—Pièce à Conviction*, *Scène des Tribunaux*, *L'Avocat Général* and others—show the artist at the most humanistic, most deeply satirical, most original and technically impressive period of his life.



Douglas Portway, the South African painter whose exhibition is currently at the Drian Gallery until 13 July. Since 1956 he has lived in Ibiza—where this photograph was taken—and has exhibited widely in Europe



# on opera

J. Roger Baker / New enchantments

The last time an unfamiliar Rossini opera was mounted at Glyndebourne, it was *Le Comte Ory*, full of enchantments and with all the makings of a popular success—which it turned out to be. This year another resurrection has been made in Sussex: *La Pietra del Paragone*, full of slightly different enchantments but, unless directed, decorated and performed with equal style, unlikely to make its mark with a wider audience. It may remain one of those works that, in this country, only Glyndebourne is equipped to present; it needs hand-picked singers and those singers need the weeks of concentrated rehearsal; it needs a clever decor and above all the invention of a top-flight director.

Devout operagoers may have caught *La Pietra* at St. Pancras last year. The revised version used at Glyndebourne has meant repositioning some of the musical numbers and opening out traditional cuts, and this results in sustaining the drama over two acts more successfully. Count Asdrubale, irritated by the parasites gathered sycophantically round him, pretends to go bankrupt

to test the fidelity of these alleged friends. Naturally only the woman he loves and—rather elliptically—the man who loves her, remain faithful.

Each character is sharply etched, and though the Count may be regarded as the central figure, the musical emphasis is so consistent in its vivacity and bubbling charm that ultimately the opera lacks a focal point. It does contain the familiar Rossini kicks—*crescendo accelerando*, thunderstorm, brilliantly ingenious ensembles, but I missed a really brilliant aria, and the rapid *secco* recitatives, that are part of the joy of Italian comic operas.

Josephine Veasey, the faithful lover, adds further lustre to her career. She has a fresh and musical address, the voice possesses agility and bloom. The eight-strong cast has no weak links and it is particularly good to see Anna Reynolds being upstage as a down-at-heel aristocrat, and that usually serious baritone, Michel Roux, as a cigar-smoking journalist of dubious markets.

Yet it is the decor and direction that give the greatest pleasure. Osbert Lancaster has set the opera decisively out of

period. Instead of those 18th-century wigs and panniers that generally bug the barber, we have the parasols, boaters, blazers and pouter pigeon bosoms of an 1890s house party. Executed with Lancaster's slightly satirical line and flair for colour they suit the sprightly music ideally. Gunther Rennert has trained both soloists and chorus to a zest and polish that complements the designs. One feels that if a Lancaster cartoon ever sprang into independent animation (super thought) it would be just like this. The opening tableau, with housemen pouring champagne and guests toying with a Victorian abundance of food topped with a highly Lancastrian pineapple, and later, another stage picture when the house party assembles to be painted in a little bandstand in the park, are as witty as anything on the operatic stage.

John Pritchard conducted and achieved a pleasing spring to the rhythms but also some eccentric playing in the overture. Somehow the second half of the opera seemed funnier and faster than the first; the music had an extra lilt and everyone seemed more relaxed. This may be part of a natural warming-up process, but I have a private theory that it is more likely something to do with wining, dining and walking in the fresh, rose-and-rain-scented gardens during the interval.

The Man who travels high and to the other ends of the earth; whose attitude to altitude is that of a plane man—plainly well orientated. The man who isn't green any more; for whom Greenwich Mean Time doesn't mean time. Who takes touchdowns at Tokyo and Twickenham in his stride; a modern Marco who enjoys polo at Windsor... and Mah Jong in Hong Kong. The man for whom pretty orientals are happily occident-prone.

This Man, poised, master of all his affairs, effortlessly elegant and mohair cool.

## The man in



Among those who feel that ice skating can be more than dazzling gymnastics is the leading Canadian skater Gordon Crossland, seen here with Jacqueline Harbord rehearsing a pas-de-deux he choreographed. It is for A.B.C.-TV's *Tempo*—on ice, to be screened on 12 July.

# Tonik

by **DORMEUIL**

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GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



The day of the pin-in hairdo has brought nearer the dream of hair that can be put on as easily as a hat. In France, girls who need instant chic buy head-shaped blocks and style the switch before they pin it on. **Idea:** a switch can be made into a swirly meringue that is pinned on to the back of the head like a pillbox. The rest of the hair is pinned out of sight inside it. **Idea:** Rose Evansky cuts a short wavy bob (*above left*), is caught crisply at the nape and a grab of curls pinned over it. This is simple for even the kack-handed. **Idea:** Gillian Riché of Riché (*left*) converts short hair into a fetchingly feminine shepherdess look with a pin-in hair piece. **Idea:** Harold Leighton pins on a smooth ringlet and a velvet chocolate box bow (*see above*) to a brief summer shape. In the boutique at the front of this new hairdressers (stunningly decorated by Ken Moore & Tom Ellery) at 28 High Street, Hampstead, are lots of whizzy ideas for pin-in hairdos. **Idea:** Woollands have a hair piece shop in their beauty department where there is a brief over-hair piece that just sits smoothly on top of your own when you want to hide it. This straight bob with a fringe is a snap buy at 23 gns. Woollands have fringes (3 gns.) for anyone who likes the look of a fringe but doesn't want one cut. These fit onto head scarves with a burr fastening. There are pin-in ringlets for Jane Austens or cones of hair to wear like a pillbox hat.

# PIN IN HAIR



Helen Burke / Hints for summer picnics

# DINING IN

These past weeks of typhoid trouble have caused an unpleasant scare for the people of the North. It also provides me with an opportunity of sounding a note of warning on food for picnics. Nowadays, we hear less of food poisoning than we used because of better preparation and, refrigeration. But every now and again cases still occur and in the hot weather many people have slight digestive troubles.

Ever since a woman food scientist took me to task for not giving instructions that re-cooked food should be brought quickly to boiling point, and why, I have stressed the need for quick, high heat. When, for instance, you plan to make Shepherd's Pie, first make a not-too-thick brown sauce, add the minced or chopped cooked meat to the boiling sauce, bring it to the boil again as quickly as possible and keep it at boiling point for at least a minute or two. Then proceed in the usual way. This applies to all *rechauffé* dishes—but keep an eye on the pot lest it

"boils dry."

When it comes to picnic sandwiches, it is best to avoid meat which has been bought ready-cooked, as there is no way of telling how fresh it is. I would prefer to take a can of ham, pâté or chicken breast together with the buttered bread, then open the can and make the sandwiches on the spot.

For me, an *hors d'oeuvre* main course is almost the best of all. Take a can of sardines or tuna fish or a jar of roll mops, a can of pâté, tomatoes, a cucumber, whole Cos lettuce (wrapped in a damp linen cloth), potato and rice salads and, of course, hard-cooked eggs which are a must. A selection of these, with crisp French bread and butter (carried in a vacuum jar), makes a wonderfully good course. Most of it can be assembled the night before the picnic, so that she whose job it is to prepare everything is not tired out before the outing starts!

I always avoid sausages on a picnic as the storage space in a

car may become warm and affect the meat. I also like fried young chicken as a change from *hors d'oeuvre*. Prepare the chicken in advance and take it in an aired box to the picnic. All kinds of containers are now available—even special bags for chilled foods. Chicken, French bread and butter, fresh fruit, excellent!

I know a woman with a young family who gives them the same kind of food at a picnic as at home. This calls for a range of vacuum jars and flasks. One day, for instance, she will make a *Blanquette de Veau* and turn it into a vacuum jar and, hours later, when she serves the dish, it is still piping hot. With it goes rice, from another jar, while a third contains chilled fruit salad.

All this involves less work than spreading bread with butter and sandwiching the slices with sundry fillings. But there is one sandwich filling which I would choose. During the war, I prepared it each day as a "carried meal" and the carrier never tired of it. In those days, I used powdered eggs but now we have the real thing.

For four full rounds of sandwiches roughly chop four to six rindless rashers of lean bacon. Place them in a large frying-pan and cook them just enough to let the fat run. Have ready

three or four eggs, beaten with pepper to taste. Distribute the pieces of bacon evenly on the base of the pan. Gently trickle the eggs into the pan so as not to disturb the position of the bacon. Leave them to set, no more, then as quickly as possible divide the filling between the sandwiches. Putting the filling in while hot is more important than you would imagine. To vary the sandwiches, cook a chopped tomato or a chopped green sweet pepper in with the bacon.

I suggest that you try these sandwiches at television time and you will have discovered another winner for viewers besides *Z Cars*.

Every mother of young children will tell you that a damp flannel is a picnic *must*—but who would think of hot hand towels in hot water for adults? I have a friend who does. When he travelled in China many years ago, he learned how refreshing a towel wrung out of hot water and sprinkled with rose water could be. It appears that, on long train journeys, an attendant brought them round. On picnics here at home he takes with him a vacuum jar of hot water in which are as many hand towels as it will hold. After the meal, he produces them and guests with sticky fingers and heated brows are always grateful for the thought.

David Morton / Stretch of the imagination

# MAN'S WORLD

It's a fairly established principle in men's clothing that formal wear develops out of casual wear, not only in cut, but material. The man who has enjoyed a lightweight suit during the day will probably want a lightweight dinner suit in the evening. And this, I think, is how stretch fabrics will make their appearance—in casual clothes first, spreading to formal clothes later. Take socks; a few years ago one specified a size; today one says "I want some socks," possibly adding the colour preferred and there they are, neatly packaged. One sock fits all sizes.

This certainly won't be the case with other items of clothing—anyone who hopes to be able to find a rack of suits in different colours and patterns and to choose any one in stretch material with confidence that it will expand or contract to fit him is in for a disappointment. Stretch fabrics are going to be success-

ful purely and simply because they are comfortable to wear. They offer some considerable side benefits, retaining the crease in trousers, holding their shape, even lending new depth to colour, but basically they'll sell on comfort.

Another point in their favour is that they coincide with a phase of styling when clothes fit more closely to the body—trousers and sleeves are narrower, jackets are more waisted. Stretch fibres lend themselves well to this style, and some of the first trousers to be made up in the new materials look very smart because they have footstraps, giving a taut, clean line that owes a lot to riding trousers or military "overall" trousers.

It's pretty certain that there will be an awful lot of poor stretch cloth about at first. Many makers are snapping up the first stretch cloth available and exploiting its gimmick value. But the big synthetic fibre companies are keeping

fairly quiet about stretch cloth for the moment. My own guess is that we shall see a great deal of money spent by them on advertising their own stretch fibres fairly soon, to educate the public, and that the market will really open up in about 18 months' time.

A few brave manufacturers are already selling good stretch clothes. Perhaps a fairer term would be "stretch and recover," for this is the desirable quality. There is some disagreement about the best sort of stretch—warp or woof—for trousers, and the same—woof or warp—for jackets. Warp, in general, is favoured for trousers since it gives around the area from thigh to waist, and the crease tends to last better. Woof stretch has an advantage in jackets since it gives across the shoulders.

These stretch materials aren't necessarily synthetics; natural fibres can be made to stretch by setting a permanent spring in the material at spinning stage. Other methods use a synthetic stretch core with natural fibre wound round it. But never before have so many methods been on offer to manufacturers, with a single aim in

mind. All are being closely followed. And the big question is this—are men going to want stretch (and recover) clothing? I think they certainly will. These clothes are comfortable, easy to wear, easy to look after, and they keep their shape. (It's all pretty strange considering that cloth makers used to put so much trouble into preventing their cloth from stretching, and that tailors had to spend ages moulding and stretching cloth into a good suit.) One thing is certain—good stretch cloth won't be cheap. But I think we shall find that it's worth paying extra for—as worth while as lightweight cloth, with all the easygoing comfort that brought in its wake.

*Final note:* Moss Bros. have produced a very useful check list to help those packing for their holidays. Two columns to mark. One for planning, one for execution. And it's a very complete list. I have only one minor quibble—why did they list Brandy under Toilet Accessories? Especially when they have a section devoted to Night Requirements. Or is one expected to use the cognac as an aftershave lotion?

Dudley Noble / Those familiar beetles

# MOTORING

Few cars have built for themselves so high a reputation for dependability in so short a time as the Volkswagen. It seems no time at all since I went to a reception in London to launch the "People's Car" in Britain, though it must be 18 years ago.

Since then the Volkswagen beetle shape (*not* a misspelling!) has become familiar on world roads. The taximan who took me out to St. John's Wood to pick up a car for test admitted that he had never driven a Volkswagen, but spent the entire journey singing its praises.

When I arrived at the VW depot, I found it was a 1500 model I was to try, the newer-look type with the conventional appearance of a normal modern car. It retains many of the good old points and a number of new ones that beetle owners will be pleased to find.

There is a larger engine (25 per cent bigger, at 1,493 c.c.) than that of the original, developing 45 b.h.p. to give about 30 per cent more power. A little more is given by the "S"

model of the 1500, which has the same capacity but a higher compression ratio (8.5 to 1 instead of 7.8) and twin carburettors. This was the model I tested. It costs about £60 more than the ordinary 1500—£924 18s. 9d. against £864 10s. 5d.—but it can do very nearly 90 miles an hour and its acceleration is vivid.

The general formula for the power-cum-transmission pack remains the same; rear-mounted engine, air-cooled by forced draught over shrouded cylinders, four speed gearbox and drive by short shafts to the independently sprung back wheels. As with most engines in the tail of the body, there is noise, especially in the lower gears, but I found no undue fatigue during a long drive.

One virtue of the VW engine is that its cylinders are horizontally opposed ("flat"). This keeps the height down, giving space for a shallow baggage pocket behind the rear seats. Main luggage space is under the bonnet, well hidden and reasonably secure, since it is locked from the inside of the

car. The driving position is excellent, with a fairly low-set steering wheel carrying horn levers on both spokes.

A button in the trafficator lever controls headlight dipping by night, flashes them by day. Head and side lamps, screenwipers and washers are operated by buttons to the right of the facia panel. These are set close together and at first I found it difficult to pick the right one by night. Full marks, however, must be given for the heating system. This can be regulated to give warm air to the back seats while other streams can be directed to the legs and body, leaving a cool current to play around the face and help the driver keep alert.

The change speed lever comes splendidly to hand, swishing through the synchromesh (fitted to all four ratios) like a knife through butter. To reach 70 m.p.h. in third gear is something that, until this model came along, one would never have expected from a product of the giant VW factory at Wolfsburg.

Premium petrol—and preferably 100 octane spirit—is desirable if pinking is to be avoided; an average consumption of nearly 37 miles to the gallon was recorded under touring conditions. It has always been a Volkswagen boast that maximum speed was cruising

speed, and on the motorway I found that 85 m.p.h. could be maintained indefinitely, though at the expense of consumption; this fell to around 28 m.p.g.

The seats are comfortable and well-finished in imitation leather; rubber matting covers the floor. Four is the maximum passenger load, but those in the back seats find they have more legroom than they expected, while those in front get the benefit of adjustable rake to the backrests.

In most respects the Volkswagen 1500 gives the impression of having its engine at the front, with conventional styling and a hump along the floor which might be expected to house a propeller shaft (this is, in fact, the stiffening member of the floor pan and also the duct for the heater's air supply.) It is not until fairly high speeds are reached that the rear location of the engine becomes apparent; then this factor, coupled with the swing-axle type of rear wheel suspension, imparts a decided oversteer effect on bends.

But in practice, what feels like an impending skid does not develop. The car holds its line on curves as well as most others. I mention this only because those who are used to front-engine, back-wheel-drive cars may find the sensation a trifle disquieting.







## WEDDINGS

**1 Bailey—Legge-Bourke:** The Hon. Shân Bailey, daughter of the late Colonel Lord Glanusk, and of Margaret Lady Glanusk, of Glanusk Park, Crickhowell, Breconshire, was married to William, son of Sir Harry Legge-Bourke, M.P., and Lady Legge-Bourke, of Wilbraham Place, S.W., at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

**2 Whitehead—Lloyd-Jones:** Carol, daughter of Brigadier & Mrs. G. V. Whitehead, of Montreal, Canada, was married to David, son of the Hon. Sir Vincent & Lady Lloyd-Jones, of Vincent Square, S.W.1, at the Temple Church

**3 Messiter—de Quincey Adams:** Jilly, daughter of Air Commodore & Mrs. H. L. Messiter, of Cygnet House, Chelsea, S.W.3, was married to Peter, son of the late Mr. J. E. de Quincey Adams, and Mrs. F. C. Cowper, of Killadreenan, Newcastle, Co. Wicklow, Ireland, at St. Clement Danes

**4 Barder—Howell:** Susan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Derek Barder, of Blackboys, Uckfield, Sussex, was married to the Rev. Oliver Howell, son of Mr. & Mrs. Derek Howell, of Palace Court, W.2, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bridesmaids included Bridget Byre, Jasmina Hamzavi, Jane Williams and Jane Shoosmith. The page was Christopher Barder and the best man Mr. Barry McFadzean

**5 Hanbury-Tracy—Morland:** Jenifer Avril Mary, daughter of Mr. John Hanbury-Tracy, of The Red House, Lacock, Wiltshire, and the Hon. Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy, of Nerja, Malaga, Spain, was married to Martin Robert, son of Sir Oscar & Lady Morland, of The High Hall, Thornton-le-Dale, Yorkshire, at All Saints, Wardour Castle. The bride was attended by Teresa Dunkerly, who carried her train, and eight other children: Richard Arundell, Roddy Segrave, Nicholas Hanbury-Tracy, Andrew St. Clair, Lucy Scott, Mossy Scott, Juliet Arundell and Catherine Arundell



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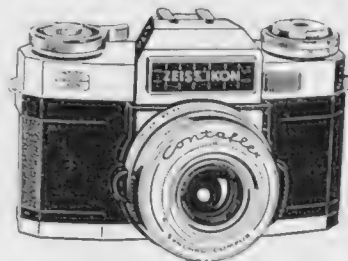
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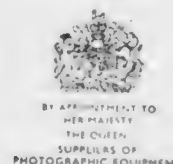
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